> *'A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants.'' - -Macauley.*

FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy, Pioneer Achievement

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS:

Childhood Memories 1
The Eldridge Expedition 4
The Old Frontier 10
Massacre of Warren's Train . . . 16
Battle of Bandera Pass 22
Old Camp Verde and the Camels . 24
Adventures of Jack Dobell . . . 25
Exciting Chase After Indians . . 30
Origin of Jim Ned and Mukewater 31

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Published Monthly at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter

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in the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES—which affords us a chance to explain a few matters of importance about these facsimiles.

One, Western Publications has only *one* complete set of the old FRONTIER TIMES and it is from this set that your facsimile copies are being reproduced. Over the years we have tried to complete a second set (just in case something happened to the first) but so far we have been unsuccessful. We still lack Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. II, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6. If any of you have extra copies of these issues and would like to sell or trade them, please let us know. On the other hand, and of possible benefit to you, in trying to complete our second set we have had to purchase many copies we did *not* need in order to get one or two issues that we could use. (Most offers were on an all-or-nothing basis.) We therefore invite any reader who's trying to complete his set of originals to let us know what issues he needs and we'll check to see if we have them among our duplicates. These are not "mint" but are in good condition.

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Which brings up the second matter of importance: please don't forget that our address is Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. We're afraid that some of you may forget and use the old address at Bandera—and maybe try to write some of the advertisers! The addresses in this magazine you are holding are no longer valid—and unfortunately neither are the prices! You will note the prices Mr. Hunter charged in the beginning. What with our publishing on more expensive paper, mailing in envelopes, and the ungodly increase in costs on *everything*, we wonder if we will come out even as well as he did. Oh, to have those good old 1923 nickels and dimes back again!

We have received a wonderful response to our reprinting these old issues which truly witnessed the end of an era in our country's history. Nothing in them will be changed or deleted—so once more, just until you have time to get used to it—don't forget that if you need to write us, the correct address is *Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas* 78764.—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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FRONTIER TIMES
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS
Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement
Vol. 2—No. 8. MAY, 1925. $1.50 Per Year

Childhood Memories

Mrs. L. A. Scott, McKinney, Texas.

In the year 1832 my maternal grandfather, R R. Royall, came to Texas by way of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, Gulf of Mexico and Matagorda Bay, where he landed in a terrible storm. One boat, all household goods, and farming implements were lost. All livestock and passengers were saved. Eleven families had come by boat from near Tuscumbia, Alabama, to settle in Austin colony.

Stephen F. Austin had been a guest in my grandfather's home three months before they embarked for this new country R. R. Royall at once became identified with the political interests of Texas then a province of Mexico, and was elected president of all the councils of safety which convened at Wharton, Matagorda, Columbia and other towns of that precinct. He was a merchant of Matagorda and owned a large plantation nearby, known as "Old Caney." He was a member of the first Legislature of Texas and loaned the state large sums of money to establish her government and was repaid in lands at so nominal a price that at his death he owned land in thirty-two counties.

Many, many experiences related at this period of Texas history comprises a chapter in my childhood memories. One is known in history as "The Run-away Scrape." When citizens of Matagorda county had to flee to the Sabine River from marauding Mexicans, my grandfather placed his older children in a carriage with a trusted driver and rode horseback, carrying his motherless infant on a pillow

When Bollivar Point was garrisoned as protection to Galveston from Indian and Mexican marauders, Captain James Long was in command, with several other officers who had their families with them. After making several observation trips around the Fort, Captain Long concluded he would go into the interior. Taking his party and leaving his wife, baby and little negro girl servant in care of friends, he requested those left behind to rmain until his return. After weeks of waiting the officers at the fort knew that the worst had happened. Mrs. Long, like the boy on the burning deck, refused to go, having all faith in her husband's return. When the fort was abandoned, provisions were left for Mrs. Long, the baby, and the negro girl. Alone, with these helpless ones she raised a red flannel petticoat as a warning to Indians whom she could see at a distance. Peace reigned at the fort. The heroism of this woman was truly Spartan. While in this lonely condition a second child was born. When finally convinced of her husband's death she returned with friends to Richmond, Texas. Later she made the trip to Mexico City, nearly all the way on horseback, to learn the fate of her husband. He and his party had been captured by Mexicans, taken to Mexico City and executed. The story of Mrs. Long's heroism so impressed me that when I sat on her knees, I remember how I gazed into her face to see how she differed from other mortals. The child born in that lonely fort married a cousin of mine.

I shall never forget another experience while on this visit to Richmond, Texas. Over the home of my dear old aunt, Mrs. Newell, where my mother, sister and I were visiting, had recently fallen the pall of death. In the agony of her new grief, this dear soul would go to the room, where her oldest daughter had passed away, and spend an hour every morning. Another daughter, living in the home, a large colonial building, employed a negro nurse girl about fourteen years of age. There was quite a group of children among the relations who were completely controlled by this nurse girl. One morning she assembled us at one end of the hall up stairs and delivered the following admonition: "Ebber morning when missus goes to dat room of Miss E's, she comes walking on dat flo', all dressed in long white trailin' dress and veil. Now if you chilluns don't run your best ebber time you pass dat do dat ghost gwine to ketch you." To this day I can feel the almost cessation of heartbeat I experienced as I would literally fly past that door.

It was such experiences as Capt. Long's that lead to Texas' rebellion against Mexico's Congress that resulted in the Republic of Texas. I have in my possession a picture of the house of two rooms where the first legislature of Texas convened at Washington. Neither room being large enough for both bodies, Houston assembled them under a large oak tree, in the yard. A painting of this tree was presented to me about fifteen years ago by a daughter of the Republic of Texas.

One of Matagorda's social customs was the act of a musical organization that I think was most unique. Whether they were influenced by Spanish customs of "singing at my lady's window," or whether the troubadour spirit of the wild got into their blood, I know not, but every week this company would take a piano and other musical instruments in a wagon and serenade the town. Think of hauling a piano around for a glee club! From nursery stories I can hear the crooning of negro songs and the dialect of negro dialogue as they went about their duties on "Old Caney" plantation. Seamstresses took their places in "the house" and corn- field negroes were called in to talk with the master, just to see them fall on the waxed floors.

There being no schools for advanced pupils, the elder children wre sent back to the Old States for college training. The carriage, with driver and maid on top, and governess and children inside, made this journey of weeks. On the return trip I suppose the governess would find someone traveling this way and would give them a lift for company. The trip would be repeated at the end of the school term.

Access by means of waterways to South Texas made it easier for early settlers to enter this part of the state, than by means of wagons in the northern portions. Therefore, much more wealth was accumulated in South than North Texas at the colonizing period.

It was in the year 1849 that my grandfather, Jonathan Allen, moved to Collin county. He and my father hewed the boundary line of his estate while Indians were roaming through the woods. On one occasion they secreted themselves behind large trees as the red skins passed. My father, M. W. Allen, was elected to the state senate in 1853, and served until 1857. It was in Austin that he met and married Miss Virginia Royall. What is known as the Texas land bill was his work, and proved a blessing to the new comers against land sharks who were forging bogus titles. M. W. Allen was also chairman of the committee that was sent to New York to interest northern capitalists in extending the first railroad of Texas from Houston to Harrisburg. He was appointed by the Texas legislature to survey the boundary lines of Fannin, Grayson and Collin counties from the Fannin district.

When Oklahoma made her new map Royall Jonathan Allen, son of M. W. Allen, was chairman of the boundary line committee.

During the Civil War my father, Col. M. W Allen was stationed near Denton Texas, with troops to guard the frontier against Indian depredations. He left his family only a few miles distant in care of faithful negroes. One night two masked men rode up to the gate and called; there was no one to answer but the negroes. The oldest negro man said to my mother, "Now, Missus, just give me the guns, and I'll answer," so he and his wife slipped out in the dark and began firing. Before the smoke could clear away they moved and fired again, their object being to impress the men with their superior forces, which apparently they did.

One of the mysteries of my childhood were the Ku Klux riders who appeared suddenly among our negroes just after the Civil War. Distinctly I remember one moonlight night when the negroes were thrown into a state of great consternation by the Ku Klux who rode white horses and asked at the gate of a neighbor for a bucket of water. Evidently one man was prepared with a rubber pouch, as he drank the entire amount of water, declaring it to be the first he had drunk since the battle of Manassas.

It was the custom in our family to assemble at our Grandfather Allen's home for an occasional evening's visit. The children were allowed to go to old Frank's cabin to hear his stories. Our hero was part Indian and revelled in wild tales. One evening after he had tired of his audience he stretched his immense mouth to its entire capacity and said, "I have swallowed some chilluns." One of the curious cousins asked how he accomplished this feat, to which Frank replied "I grease my mouth till it stretches big enuff." It is needless to say that we were soon trooping to the house. Fifty years later I ministered to Frank's want's in his old age, and sent flowers to his funeral.

My grandfather, Jonathan Allen, bought two medical books immediately after coming to Texas, and began practicing among his negroes. So successful was he that his servicees were solicited far and near. Though never having read law, he was chosen the first judge of Collin county, and presided when the county seat was three miles west of McKinney. By way of diversion I will give a glimpse into social life at the time my father entered the State. Most of the houses had puncheon floors and when a dance was given the call to commence would be "Partners to your puncheon," then "hands in your pockets and backs to the wall, take a chaw terbacker and balance all." And other calls in the same vernacular.

But North Texas is a glorious country today and can well aford a little fun over her past history.

After the return from our stay in Denton county during the war, the family again took up the old regime of a new country's life. There was no church nearer than five miles away. No picture is more beautifully painted on memory's walls than the drives Sunday mornings to this little church that stood on the knoll just out of a woodland. As we passed under leafy bowers of long lanes of hedges, where nature's songsters trilled their glad hallelujahs, on those bright Sabbath mornings, our hearts were gladdened and thrilled with ecstacy and love for our Maker. On the church grounds neighbors greeted each other in friendly manner that bespoke the simple life, a life that leads to individual responsibility to God

Santa Anna's Leg.

Springfield, Illinois, hears that Texas is coming after Santa Anna's leg. The leg is now in the Illinois State Museum, and as Springfield hears it, Texas wants it. The leg, of course, is of cork. This remarkable relic came into the keeping of Illinois, it is explained, through capture by three members of the Fourth Regular Illinois Volunteers who engaged in the battle of Cerro Gordo in 1847 and took the leg before general Santa Anna had time to put it on, The general was in somewhat of a hurry at the time and made off without the artificial limb.

The Springfield account tells of a visit by a Mrs. F. Brown of Concord, Ill., to the museum with her sons. "I wanted my boys to see this wooden leg," she told a newspaper man, "for it was their great uncle who helped capture it. The young boy there is named Waldron after Private Waldron." Uncle Abe Waldron it seems, served in the Mexican War and came home with the leg. "My mother," says Mrs Brown, "was Mrs. Angeline Waldron, and often told me how Uncle And came marching home from the Merican War with the Mexican General's wooden leg."

The Springfield dispatch says that Texas wants the leg because of the connection it has with the winning of Texas independence. Santa Anna, according to the Illinois account, lost his natural leg at San Jacinto. If that be true, it is a remarkable circumstance that he should have lost another at Vera Cruz. And if he lost one at Janjacinto he must have concealed it artfully, for when he was captured after the battle he was afoot and headed elsewhere. But then, to be sure, a leg more or less never halted Santa Anna when he felt that he had business of urgent character at some considerable distance from the scene of action, as he proved at Cerro Gordo with distinctly greater success than he did at San Jacinto.—Dallas News.

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The Eldridge Expedition in 1843

While Gen. Sam Houston was serving his second term as President of the Republic of Texas, and the seat of government was temporarily at the town of Washington on the Brazos, it occurred to him that by marking out a dividing line between territory to be occupied by the Indians and that in which white people might make their homes. and establishing along that line trading posts, he might control the wild men to a great extent and save the lives of many pople. Joseph C. Eldridge, a gentleman of education, large experience and undoubted courage, was then Commissioenr of Indian affairs for the Republic. President Houston, after frequent interviews with them, gave three Delaware Indians, Jim Shaw, John Conner and Jim Second-Eye, reason to believe they would be appointed commissioners to negotiate with the wild tribes such a treaty as was desired, but, on second thought, decided to appoint Commissioner Eldridge for that onerous and hazardous mission—he to be accompanied by two or three white men and by the Delawares named and a few Indians of other tribes. Unfortunately, though he neglected to disabuse the minds of the Delawares of the impression they had gained that they were to be the commissioners, and thus failure caused trouble.

John Henry Brown gives an account of that expedition in his history of Texas, and as it is very interesting we offer it to our readers. He writes:

Captain Eldridge eagerly applied to his young and bosom friend, Hamilton P. Bee, to accompany him. They had crossed the gulf together on their first arrival in Texas in 1837—Bee accompanying his mother from South Carolina to join his father, Col. Barnard E. Bee, already in the service of Texas, and Eldridge coming from his native State, Connecticut.

"The preparations being completed, the party left Washington late in March, 1843, and consisted of Joseph C. Eldridge, commissioner, Thomas Torrey, Indian agent; the three Delawares as guides and interpreters; several other Delawares,and hunters, helpers and traders; Acoquash, the Waco head chief, who was one of those who had been to see the President, and Hamilton P. Bee. There may have been a few other Indians. They had a small caravan of pack mules to transport their provisions and presents for the Indians. They also had with them, for delivery to their own people, two Comanche children about 12 years old, one a girl named Maria and the other a boy who had taken the name of William Hockley, being two of the captives of the Council House fight in San Antonio on March 19, 1840. They also had two young Waco women, previously taken as prisoners, but these were placed in charge of Acoquash.

"They passed up the valley of the Brazos, passing Fort Milam, near the preent town of Marlin, around which was the outside habitations of the white settlers. Further up on Tehuacano Creek, six or seven miles southeast of the present city of Waco, they reached the newly etablished trading house of the Torrey brothers, afterwards well known for a resort for Indians and traders. Here they found a large party of Delewares

The Delawares accompanying Eldridge also had mules freighted with goods for traffic with the wild tribes, and, among other commodities, a goodly supply of that scourage of our race, whiskey, doubtless intended for the Delawares found here, as expected by those with Eldridge, for at that time the wild tribes did not drink it.

"On the arrival of the commisoners all became bustle and activity. The liquor was soon tapped and a merry time inaugurated, but soon after dark every Indian surrendered his knike and firearms to the chiefs, by whom they were secreted. Then loose rein was given the unarmed warriors, and throughout the night pandemonium prevailed, accompanied by screams, hideous yells, fisticuffs, scratching, biting and all manner of unarmed combat, causing wakefulness and some degree of apprehension among the white men. But no one was killed or seriously injured, and in due time sheeer exhaustion was followed by quiet slumber, the red men showing the same maudlin beastliness when crazed by mean whiskey as, alas, characterized his white brother in like condition. It required two days to recover from the frolic, and then Eldridge resumed his march into the wilds beyond. His instructions were to visit as many of the wild tribes as possible, and the head chief of the Comanches—to deliver to them the word of friendship from the Great Father, the President, and invite them all to attend a grand council to beheld at Bird's Fort, on the north side of the main or West Trinity, commencing on the 10th of August, 1843, where they would meet duly accredited commissioners and by the President in person to treat with them. This fort was about twenty-two miles westerly from where Dallas was subsequently founded.

"At a point above the three forks of the Trinity, probably in Wise of Jack County, the expedition halted for'a few dayss and sent out Delaware messengers to invite any tribes found in the surrounding country to visit them. Delegations from eleven small tribes responded by coming in, among them being Wacos, Anadarcos, Two-c-ashes, caddos, Keechis, Tehuacanos, Delawares, Bedais, Boluxies, Ionies and a few others constituting a large assemblage, the deliberations of which were duly opened by th solemnities of embracing, smoking and a wordly interchange of civilities. Captain Eldridge appeared in full uniform and Bee performed the duties of secretary.

"The council opened from the address of the Delaware interpreter and the whole day was consumed in a series of dialogues between them and the wild chiefs, Captain Eldridge getting no opportunity to speak, and when desiring to do so was told by the Delawares that it was not yet time, as they had not talked enough to the wild men. So, at night, the council adjourned till next day, when Eldridge delivered his talk, which was interpreted to the different tribes by the Delawares. Finally Eldridge said: "Tell them I am the mouthpiece of the President and speak his words.' Two of the Delawares interpreted the sentence, but Jim Shaw refused, saying it was a lie. The other two conveyed the language to all. The result was satisfactory and the tribes present all agreed to attend the council at Bird's Fort.

"Returning to his tent, Captain Eldridge demanded of Shaw, who was the leader and more intelligent of the Delawares, the meaning of his strange conduct, to which he replied that the three Delawares considered themselves the commissioners, Eldridge being along only to write down whatever was done. He also charged that Eldridge had their commission, attested by seals and ribbons, with his badge. This document being Eldridge's instructions as commissioner, was brought out, read and explained by Bee. Jim Shaw was greatly excited, and had evidently believed what he said; but Eldridge bore himself with great composure and firmness. After the reading, Jim Shaw said: "I beg your pardon, Joe, but I have been misled. I thought the Delawares were to make the treaties. We will go no farther. but go to our own country on the Missouri River—will start tomorrow, and will never return to Texas."

"Alarmed at this unexpected phase of affairs, Eldridge appealed to the trio to stay and guide him, as the President expected them to do; but they seemed inuexible. To proceed without them was madness, and in this dilemma Eldridge sent for Jose Maria, the noted chief of the Anadarcos, who had been so severely wounded in the victorius fight with the whites, in Bryant's defeat near Marlin in January, 1839. He explained to him the facts just related and asked him if he would escort him back into the settlements. Greatly pleased at such a mark of confidence—his keen black eyes giving full expression to his gratified pride—he promptly and solemnly promised to do so.

"On the next morning, while Eldridge was packing and mounting for his homeward march, surrounded by his promised escort of 100 Anadarco warriors, well mounted and well armed with bows and lances, with Jose Maria at their head. Jim Shaw sent word that he had changed his mind and would continue the trip. An interview followed and a full nuderstanding was entered into, acknowledging Captain Eldridge as the sole head of the expedition; but after this the manner of the Delaware trio was formal and reserved, and their intercourse long confined to business matters.

"Continuing the march they next reached the principal village ot the Wacos, whither they had been proceeded by Acoquash, with the two released Waco girls, who greeted them warmly. During their stay he was their guest, and most of the time had his family on hand. It was a little odd, but his friendship was too valuable to be sacrificed on a question of etiquette. Here the Delawares announced that it would be necessary to send out messengers to find the Comanches, but this would require fifteen days, during which time the trio, Shaw, Conner and Second Eye, would take the peltries they had on hand to Warren's trading house down the Red River, for deposit or sale, and return within the time named. During the delay, Eldridge camped three miles from the village but was daily surrounded and more or less annoyed by the Wacos, men, women, and children. The wife of Acoquash, became viollently ill and he requested his white brothers to exert thir skill as medicine men. Mr. Bee administered to her jalap and rhubarb, which fortunately .for them, as will be seen later, speedily relieved and restored her to health.

"The messengers sent to the Comanches returned on time with rather encouraging reports but the essential trio so indespensible to progress were absent twenty-eight instead of fifteen days, causing a loss of precious time. Their next move was for Wichita village, at or near the present site of Fort Sill. They were kindly received by this warlike tribe, who had heard of their mission and promised to attend the council at Bird's Fort. They next bore westerly for the great prairies and plains in search of the Comanches. Acoquash and his wife being with them. It was now in June and all their provisions were exhausted, reducing them to an entire dependence on wild meat, which, however was abundant, and they soon found the tallow of the buffalo, quite unlike that of the cow, a good substitute for bread. They carried in abundance strings of cooked meat on their pack-mules.

"After twelve days they found Indian signs in a plum thicket. They saw where Indians had been eating plums during the same day, and there they encamped. Pretty soon an Indian, splendidly mounted, approached, having a boy of six years before him. He proved to be blind—but a distinguished chief of the Comanches—a man of remarkable physique, over six feet in height, a model in proportions and his hair growing down over his face. He told the Delaware interpreter the locality in which they were, and that the town of Payhayuco, the great head chief of the Comanches, was only a few miles distant.

"As soon as the blind chief's boy—a beautiful child handsomely dressed in ornamented buckskin—gathered a supply of plums, they mounted and returned to their town, accompanied by a few of the Delawares. In the afternoon, a delegattion of the Comanches visited Eldridge and invited him and his party to visit their town. Promptly saddling up and escorted by about 500 Comanche warriors, in about two hours ride, they entered the town of the great chief, Payhayuco, and for the first time beheld the glory of the wild tribes. With considerable ceremony they were conducted to the tent of Payhayuco, who was absent, but the honors were done by the chief of his seven wives, who caused the best tent to be vacated and placed at the disposal of her white guests. It was now summer weather and such crowds of Comanches, of all ages and sexes, pressed in and around the tent that it became so suffocating as to necessitate the erection of their own tent, which was open at both ends. First getting the consent of their hostess, this was done.

"Finding that the chief would be absent a week yet to come, and their business being with him, they could only patiently await his arrival. They were ceaseless curiosities to all the younger Comanches, who had never seen a white man and who continued to crowd around to show their white arms to the children, etc. While thus delayed the Comanches twice moved their town and our people were astonished at the regularity with which each new location was laid off into streets and the precision with which each family took its position in each new place. Mr. Bee accompanied the warriors on two or three buffalo hunts, and was surprised at their wonderful dexterity."

Payhayuco arrived on the afternoon of August 8, (1843), and occupied the tent adjoining the whites. They were soon informally presented to him and courteously received, but no clue was obtained as to the state of his mind. At sunrise next morning about one hundred warriors met in council in a large tent, sitting on the ground in a series of circles diminishing from circumference to center, wherein Payhayuco sat. Eldridge and his white companions, not being invited, took brief glances at them and retired to their own tent, leaving the case with the Delawares, who attended the council. About 10 a. m. a sort of committee from the council waited on them to say that a report had come from the Waco village, where they had tarried so long, charging that they were bad men and had given poison to the Wacos, and wanted to know what they had to say about it. This was supremely preposterous, but it was also gravely suggestive of danger. They repelled the charge, and referred to the old Waco chief, Acoquash, then present, their companion on the whole journey, and whose wife they had cured. What a hazard they had passed! Had that poor squaw died instead of recovering under Bee's treatment, their fate would have been sealed. A Choctaw negro, who understood but little Comanche, told them the council was deliberating on their lives and talking savagely. They sent for the Delawares and told them of this. The Delawares denied it, and re-assured them, but in half an hour their favorite Delaware hunter, the only one in whose friendship they fully confided, informed them that the Comanches were going to kill them. They wre, of course, much alarmed by this second warning, and, again summoning the trio, told Jim Shaw they were not children, but men, and demanded to know the truth. Shaw replied that he had desired to conceal their peril from them as long as possible, and for that reason had told them a lie; but in truth the council was clamorous and unanimous for their death; that all the chiefs who had a right to speak had done so, and all were against them; that they (Shaw and Conner) had done all they could for them, as they had promised the White Father they would take care of them and never return without them; and that Acoquash had been equally true to them. They added that old Payhayuco was yet to speak, but even should he take the opposite side they did not think that he had influence enough to save their lives.

I now quote the language of General Bee on this incident: "Next came into our tent our dear old friend Acoquash, where we three white men were sitting, betraying the most intense feeling, shaking all over and great tears rolling from his eyes, and as best he could told us that we would soon be put to death. He said that he had told them his father was once a great chief, the head of a nation who were lords of the prairie, but had always been the friend of the Comanches, who always listened to the councils of his father, for it was always good, and he had begged them to listen to him as their fathers had listened to his father, when he told them that we (Eldridge, Bee and Torrey) were messengers of peace; that we had the 'white flag' and that the vengeance of the Great Spirit would be turned against them if they killed such messengers; but he said it was of no avail. We had to die and he would die with us, for he loved us as his own children. Poor old Indian. My heart yearns to him yet after the lapse of many years.

"Acoquash then returned to the council. Our friends, of course, agonized as brave men may who are to die as dogs, but they soon recovered composure and resolved on their course. Each had two pistols. When the party should come to take them out for death, each would kill an Indian with one, and then, to escape slow torture, empty the other into his own brain. From 12 till 4 o'clock not a word was spoken in that council. All sat in silence awaiting the voice of Payhayuco. At 4 o'clock his voice was heard. Bee said to Eldridge: "See the setting sun, old fellow. It is the last we shall see on earth." At that same instant approaching footsteps were heard. Each of the three sprang to his feet, a pistol in each hand, when dear old Acoquash burst into the tent and threw himself into the arms of Eldridge. Bee and Torrey thought the old Spartan had come to redeem his pledge and die with them, but in a moment realized that his convulsive action was the fruit of uncontrollable joy. The next moment the Delawares rushed in exclaiming, "Saved! saved!"

Oh, God, can I ever forget that moment?" says General Bee. "To the earth from which we came, we fell as if shot, communing with Him who reigns over all—a scene which might be portrayed on canvas, but not described. Prostrate on the earth lay the white man and the red man, creatures of a common brotherhood, typified and made evident that day in the wilderness; not a word was spoken; each bowed to the earth, brothers in danger and brothers in the holy electric spark which caused each in his way to thank God for deliverance."

After this ordeal had passed, succeeded by a measure of almost heavenly repose, the interpreters, now fully reconciled to Eldridge, explained that after that solemn silence of four hours, Payhayuco had eloquently espoused the cause of mercy and the sanctity of the white flag borne by the messengers of peace. His appeal was, perhaps, as powerful and pathetic as ever fell from the lips of an untutored son of the forest. Upon conclusion, amid much confusion and the hum of excited voices, he took the vote per capita and was sustained by a small majority. The sun sank at the same moment, reflecting rays of joy upon the western horizon, causing among the saved a solemn and expressibly grateful sense of the majesty and benignity of the King of Kings—our Father in heaven.

As darkness came the stentorian voice of Payhayuco was successively heard in the four quarters of the town, its tones denoting words of command. Our countrymen demanded of the interpreters to know what he was saying. The latter answered, "He is telling them that you are under his protection and must not, at the peril of their lives, be hurt." A hundred warriors were then placed in a circle around the tent, and so remained until next morning. No Indian was allowed to enter the circle.

When morning came they were invited to the council, when Captain Eldridge delivered the message of friendship from President Houston, and invited them to accompany him in and meet the council at Bird's Fort; but this was a day after the date heretofore fixed for the assemblage, and a new day would be selected promptly on their arrival or sooner if runners were sent in advance. The presents were then distributed and an answer awaited.

On their arrival the little Comanche boy had been given up. He still remembered some of his mother tongue and at once relapsed into barbarism. But now Captain Eldridge tendered to the chief little Maria, a beautiful Indian child, neatly dressed, who knew no word but English. A scene followed which brought tears to the eyes of not only the white men, but also of the Delawares. The child seemed horrified, clung desperately and imploringly to Captain Eldridge and screamed most piteously. It was simply heart-rending. She was taken up by a huge warrior and borne away, uttering piercing cries of despair. For years afterwards she was occasionally heard of, still bearing the name of Maria and acting as interpreter at Indian councils.

Succeeding this last scene they were informed that the council had refused to send delegates to the proposed meeting. Payhayuco favored the measure, but was overruled by the majority. Within an hour after this announcement the commissioners mounted and started on their long journey home—fully five hundred miles through a trackless wilderness.

Without remarkable incident and in due time Eldridge and his party arrived again at the principal Wichita village (at or near the present site of Fort Sill) and were again kindly received. The day fixed for the treaty having passed, Eldridge knew the President would be disappointed and impatient, so after consultation, it was agreed that Torrey, with Jim Shaw, John Conner and the other Indian attaches, still with them, should return on the route they had gone out, gather up the tribes first mentioned in this narrative, and conduct them to Bird's Fort, while Eldridge, Bee and their most trusted Delaware hunter, with Jim Second Eye as guide, would proceed directly to the fort. Thus they separated, each party on its mission, and to Eldridge and Bee it was a perlious one.

On the second day, at 3 p m., they halted in a pretty grove on a beautiful stream, to cook their last food, a little Wichita green corn. This enraged Second Eye, who siezed the hunter's gun and galloped away, leaving them with only holster pistols. The Delaware hunter was a stranger in the country and could only communicate by signs. For three days he kept a bee line for Warren's trading house on Red River, as safer than going directly to Bird's Fort, guided by the information he had casually picked up from his brothers on the trip, for neither of the white men knew the country. On the third day they entered the Cross Timbers where brush and briars retarded their progress, and camped near night on a pretty creek. The Delaware climbed a high tree and soon began joyful gesticulations. Descending, he indicated that Eldridge should accompany him, leaving Bee in camp. He did so and they were gone two or three hours, but finally returned with a good supply of fresh cornbread, a grateful repast to men who had been without an ounce of food for three days and nights. The camp visited proved to be that of a party of men cutting hay for Fort Arbucle, on the Wichita, who cooked and gave them the bread and other provisions, with directions to find the trading house and the information that they could reach it the next day. With full stomachs, they slept soundly, started early in the morning and about 2 p. m., rode up to Warren's trading house. The first man seen was Jim Second Eye, the treacherous scoundrel who had left them at the mercy of any straggling party of hostile or thieving savages. He hastened forward with extended hand, exclaiming, "How are you, Joe? How are you, Ham? Glad to see you."

The always courteous Eldridge, usually gentle and never given to profane language, sprang from his horse and showered upon him such a torrent of denunciatory expletives as to exhaust himself; then recovering, presented himself and Mr. Bee to Mr. Warren, with an explanatory apology for his violent language—justified, as he thought, toward the base wretch to whom it was addressed. Quite a crowd of Indians and a few white men were present. Mr. Warren received and entertained them most kindly. They never more beheld Jim Second Eye.

After a rest of two days, Eldridge and Bee, with their faithful Delaware, left for Bird's Fort, and, without special incident, arrived there, to be welcomed by the commissioners, Messrs. George W. Terrell and E. H. Tarrant, who had given them up as lost. The President had remained at the Fort for a month, when, greatly disappointed, he had left for the seat of government.

Captain Eldridge anxious to report to the President tarried not at the fort, but with Bee, Callaway H. Patrick, and the Delaware, continued on. On the way Mr. Bee was siezed with chills and fever of a violent type, insomuch that, at Fort Milam, Eldridge left him in charge of Mr. Patrick and hurried on. Captain Eldridge, after some delay, met and reported to the President, but was not rceived with the cordiality he thought due his services. Jim Shaw and John Conner had preceded him and misstated various matters to the prejudice of Eldridge, and, to the amazement of many who knew his great merit and his tried fidelity to President Houston, he was dismissed from office. Very soon, however, the old hero became convinced of his error; had Eldridge appointed Chief Clerk of the State Depatment under Anson Jones, and, immediately after annexation in 1846, secured his appointment by President Polk as paymaster in the United States Navy, a position he held till his death in Brooklyn, New York, in 1881.

On the 29th of September, 1843, a few days after Eldridge and Bee left, a treaty was concluded by Messrs. Tarrant and Terrell with the following tribes: Tehuacanos, Keechis, Wacos, Anadarcos, Ionics, Boluxies, Delawares, and thirty isolated Cherokees. The Wichitas and Two-e-ashes were deterred from coming in by the lies of some of the Creeks.

The government now pays congressmen $10,000 a year, instead of $7,500 as formerly. But the old frontiersman, who went out on the border of civilization and established his habitation in the wilderness to serve as a bulwark against savage invasion, is not given even a pittance to sustain him in his old age and poverty. Verily, "republics are ungrateful."

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The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

The Congress of Texas, in January, 1838, appointed five commissioners to select a site for the capitol of the Republic. The commissioners, consisting of Albert C. Horton, Lewis P. Cook, Isaac W. Burton, William Menifee and J. Campbell, after careful examination, made choice of the present location on the Colorado River. At the time of its selection it was on the extreme frontier, Bastrop being the nearest town, thirty five miles lower down on the river. Thomas J. Hardeman who came to Texas in 1835 from Tennessee, and for whom Hardeman county in that state was named and who served in the congress of the Republic and the Legislature of the State of Texas, had the distinction of proposing the name of Austin for the capital of Texas in 1836. He had the further distinction of having a son, Thomas Monroe Hardeman, in the battle of San Jacinto. He also had four sons in the battle of Plum Creek; Thomas Monroe, William P., Owen B., and Leonidas Hardeman. In this battle Thomas Monroe Hardeman commanded a company and Owen B. received honorable mention for distinguished services in the battle, which was fought August 12, 1840, in what is now Caldwell county. In this battle the Indians (Comanches) numbered about four hundred, and the Texans about half that number

William P. Hardeman entered the Confederate army early in 1861, as a captain and at the close of the war was a brigaider general. Afater the completion of the new capitol, he was for many years superintendent of public buildings and grounds. He was the first superintendent of the state's Confederate Home, and died there while superintendent, General Hardeman came to Texas in 1835. He was a soldier in the Texas army of patriots in 1836 but because of serious illness he was prevented from taking part in the battle of San Jacinto. He served faithfully however, and passed through all the hardships attending the Texas army. In the wilderness he braved its dangers, and the prowling Indian and treacherous Mexican. His soldiers called him "Old Gotch," because he carried his head slightly to one side, but he was universally loved and respected by them. He had a kind heart and helping hand for everyone He was born November 4th, 1816, and died on the 8th day of April, 1898, aged 82 years, a venerable old pioneer, and was buried in the State Cemetery at Austin. His ashes rest in the bosom of the State he loved so well and served so faithfully. His life and deeds will be told in song and story and will be preserved with all the hallowed traditions of the State and the Confederacy. A very fine oil painting of General Hardeman hangs upon the walls of the Capitol among the portraits of the noted men of Texas, where it belongs.

This may be thought something of a digression from the object of this sketch: but the subject is important enough and sufficiently in line with the general purpose to make such digression pardonable.

To Austin in time, temporary buildings having been erected, government offices were moved in October, 1839, and in November following, the Congress met at the new City of Austin. Before that time of the councils of the young Republic had been held by executive appointment at different places, for convenience and safety. First at San Felipe, November 1835; met at Washington, March, 1836; next at Harrisburg the same month; next at Galveston, April 16, 1836; next at Velasco, May, 1836; (At this place the treaties with Santa Anna were signed) next, by order of Congress, at Columbia, in October, 1836; next at Houston, in May, 1837; next at Austin, in October, 1839. Austin City was incorporated in 1840.

Early in March, 1842, Mexican forces

Next month Mr. Baylor will tell about the fight Rev. Pleasant Tackitt and three boys had with a band of Indians

under General Vasquez made an incursion into Texas, which was met by the Texans, and the invaders driven back. President Houston, deeming the national archives in danger from the enemy, felt it his duty to order their removal as well as the removal of the government offices to a place of safety. Accordingly he ordered their prompt removal to Houston, Texas. This gave rise to what is known as the "Archive Wra," the result of which has been the location of the seat of government at Austin up to this time. The citizens of Travis county had, a short time before, gone to meet the invaders of their country, leaving behind them a growing and prosperous city, and on their return found a deserted village. They were exasperated, and had good cause to be. They thought the president had acted in bad faith towards Austin. They had expected money for city lots, had built houses on them, and had felt secure under the strong arm of the government. This was now suddenly removed from them. The president was urged to come back, but without avail. The citizens then determined to take the matter in their own hands. The records of the General Land Office had not yet been taken away, and these citizens of Austin determined at all hazards to keep that one branch at least. The president insisted that these archives should be taken to Houston; and sent for them, but without success. The young men of the city, in order to show their contempt for the executive went so far as to shave the manes and tails of the horses of two of the messengers sent, who did not relish the joke at the time, but afterwards became reconciled to it, and became permanent citizens of Austin. The president, seeing that he could not obtain the records of the land office peaceably, he sent an armed force of thirty men, with instructions to take them at all hazards.

This company arrived on the morning of December 29th, 1842, drove their wagons to the land office building, and at once commenced loading. The citizens, finding out what was going on, at once armed and assembled in force. Great excitment prevailed. Cannon charged with grape and canister were brought out and planted, so as to bear on the wagons; and the signal for action was impatiently waited for. The wagons were by this time loaded, and were about starting, when the word "Fire" was given, and the cannon were discharged, taking effect on the building but hurting on one. As to who touched off the cannons, is not definitely settled, but it is generally conceded that it was done by Mrs. Eberly, a worthy and respected lady, and at the time proprietress of the Eberly House. The wagons, with their load and escort now left town in double quick time. The citizens at once formed themselves into a company under command of Captain M. B. Lewis, and pursued, overtaking them during the night at Brushy Creek, eighteen miles northeast of Austin. The wagons and escort were surrounded and negotiations opened. The citizens demanded that the archives should be taken back to Austin, which, after some parley was agreed to. Next morning early the train went back in triumph to Austin, and arriving there the records were deposited in the house of Mrs. Eberly, until the land office was reopened. No further attempt was made to remove them.

The government offices remained at Houston until November, 1842, when by executive proclamation, Congress met at Washington. Here the capital remained until it was again established at Austin in 1845. In 1850 an election was held to locate the seat of government of Texas, and Austin City was chosen by the people to be the capital for twenty years, or until the next general election after the year 1870. This election was held November 5th to 9th, 1872, and resulted in the re-election of Austin by a majority of more than 15,000 votes over both Houston and Waco, its competitors. This election settled the question of a seat of government for Texas as long as she remains Texas.

The declaration of Texas Independence was adopted March 2nd, 1836.

The constitution of the Republic of Texas was adopted March 17th, 1836.

The first Government of the Republic of Texas was represented in the persons of David G. Burnet, President; Lorenzo de Zavala, Vice-President; Samuel P. Carson, Secretary of State; Bailey Hardeman, Secretary of the Treasury; Thos. J. Rusk, Secretary of War; Robt. Potter, Secretary of the Navy, and David Thomas, Attorney General.

Of the above ad interim officers David G. Burnet was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1789. He came to Texas in 1826, and at once became an active participant in her affairs. In 1833, he was elected a delegate to the Convention at San Felipe, and was a leadng member in its deliberations. In 1834 he was appointed Judge of the Municipality of Austin, which position he filled with marked ability. When the repressive acts of Santa Anna drove the people of Texas into resistance, he took an early and decided stand in favor of the independence of the state. In 1838 he was elected Vice-President of Texas, Lamar being President. In 1846 he was made Secretary of State, and held that office until the close of Governor Henderson's administration. In 1866 he was elected United States Senator by the Legislature of Texas, but was not admitted to a seat. David G. Burnet was a man of culture and refinement. He was a ready and fluent writer, and an eloquent orator. His death occurred in 1870.

Lorenzo de Zavala was a native of Yucatan. While quite young he was elected to the legislative body of Spain to represent his State. He was afterward a member of the Mexican Congress and Governor of the City of Mexico. After the overthrow of the Mexican Republic in 1822, he became an ardent supporter of the constitution of 1824. This brought him in opposition to General Santa Anna. Those who dared to oppose that tyrant were punished and hunted down like wild beasts and of this number was Lorenzo de Zavala. In order to avoid being hounded and hunted, in July, 1835, he fled from the tyrany of Santa Anna and sought refuge in Texas where he found friends in deep sympathy with him and who warmly welcomed him. No sooner had the Mexican authorities learned of his flight than an order as dispatched to have him arrested. The acting political chief, on July 26th, refused to arrest Mr. de Zavala. Santa Anna was extremely solicittous to obtain possession of the person of Mr. Zavala, who had been his friend, and had sustained him in a trying hour. But the aid was given for the cause of liberty! Santa Anna had deserted that cause and now wished to sacrifice an ancient friend, who might live to reproach him for his perfidy. The Mexican officials were commanded to bring into action all their ingenuity and activity in arranging plans for success in the apprehension of Don Lorenzo de Zavala. The officers were particularly instructed that they spare no means to secure his person, and place it at the disposition of the supreme government. The next point was to execute this order. Mr. de Zavala was at this time actively engaged in the affairs of Texas and was needed by the Texans in organizing their defense, and the time had not yet arrived when he should be shot. Immediately upon his arrival in Texas Mr. de Zavala was recognized as a distinguished personage, and he at once took a prominent part in the struggle for liberty. He was elected Vice-President of Texas in 1836, and died shortly afterward.

Samuel P. Carson, came to Texas from North Carolina in 1835. He had been a member of Congress of the United States and was a member of the convention which declared the independence of Texas.

Bailey Hardeman came from Tennesse to Texas in 1835 and died in 1836. He was a member of the convention of 1836, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Thomas J. Rusk was one of the noblest sons of Texas. He was born in South Carolina in 1803. He was educated for the law, and having removed to Georgia, he became distinguished at the early age of twenty-nine, as one of the first lawyers in that state.

In 1835 he came to Texas and settled at Nacogdoches, and in 1836 was elected delegate to the convention at Washington, and by that body was chosen Secretary of War. In the battles which followed, General Rusk took an active and distinguished part, and when Gen. Houston was disabled by wounds received at San Jacinto, he was made commander-in-chief of the army. In November, 1836, he was appointed to a seat in the cabinet. The congress of 1838 elected him Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, which position had been vacated by the death of James Collingsworth. In 1843, General Rusk was elected Major-General of the State Militia and in 1845, he was made president of the convention which assembled at Austin to frame a State Constitution. In 1846, the first legislature of Texas elected him United

States Senator, which position he filled with marked ability and satisfaction to the people of Texas until his death in 1857. Thomas J. Rusk was one of those men whose death was the signal of mourning to a host of friends all over the state he had faithfully served. Modest in manners and disposition, social and domestic in habits; and with a warm and generous heart, he was indeed one of nature's noblemen.

Robert Potter came from North Carolina to Texas in 1835. He had been a member of Congress from that State, and was a member of the convention which declared the independence of Texas.

David Thomas came from Tennessee to Texas in 1835, and died in 1836. He was a member of the convention of 1836.

The Provisional Government was superseded by the convention that met at Washington on the first day of March, 1836.

General Sam Houston was the first Commander-in-Chief of the Texan army, and achieved the complete overthrow of the Mexican forces sent to subjugate Texas, at the memorable battle of San Jacinto, fought on the banks of the river of the same name, April 21, 1836.

The first president of Texas, regularly elected by the people, was General Sam Houston, in November, 1836. Among the new-comers into Texas in the year 1832; was Sam Houston, late governor of Tennessee, a man of extraordinary fortunes. By birth a Virginian, but brought up in Blount county, among the mountains of East Tennessee, he volunteered at an early age as a soldier in the army,waspromoted to the rank of lieutenant, and fought at the battle of Horseshoe, in which he was severely wounded. He returned to Tennessee, where he attracted the attention of General Jackson, and was taken into his military family; was appointed Indian agent for the Cherokees; he afterwards studied law, was elected attorney general for Tennessee, and major-general of the State Militia; represented the Nashville district in Congress; was elected governor of the State; married, which proved unfortunate, and he resigned his office of governor, and in April 1829, went into voluntary exile, among the Cherokee Indians, for whom he had been agent twelve years before.

General Houston was appointed second lieutenant in the Thirty-ninth Regiment of Infantry, by President Madison, on the 20th of April, 1815, to rank as such from the 20th of May, 1814, and first lieutenant in the First Regiment of Infantry, by President Monroe, on the 5th of March, 1818, to rank as such from the first of May, 1817. In November, 1817, he was appointed sub-agent of the Cherokee Indians. On the 14th of December, 1821, he was elected major general of the middle division of Tennessee Militia. In August, 1823 and 1825, he was elected a representative to Congress; and in August, 1827, he was chosen governor of the State of Tennessee

After General Houston went into exile, he remained with the Indians until he came to Texas in December, 1832.

"His well earned fame in Texas, and the remembrance of his virtues, are alike the property of his countrymen. The praise of the historian is not needed to magnify the one, nor could his silence or censure detract from the other". He died in July 1863.

The second president thus chosen, was Mirabean B. Lamar, in November, 1838. He was born in Georgia in 1798; came to Texas in 1835, and served with distinction in the Texas revolution, and afterward in the Mexican War. He was the first Vice-President of Texas. He died in 1859. President Lamar possessed fine literary taste, and was the author of a book of poems called "Verses Memoriales."

General Barnard E. Bee came from South Carolina to Texas in 1836. He was Secretary of War of the Republic under Houston's first administration and was Secretary of State under President Lamar's administration while Albert Sidney Johnston was Secretary of War. In 1839, the Mexican Federalists were well disposed towards Texas and their leader did not fail to keep up a correspondence with the Republic. A trade of some importance sprang up between Bexar and the Rio Grande. Indeed, Texas was so much deceived by the evidences of friendship that she thought negotiations for peace might be started. With this view General Bee was dispatched as a minister to Mexico. The Texan minister was not received, nor did he even present his papers. He died in 1853.

Albert Sidney Johnston was Secretary of War during Lamar's administration beginning in 1838. He was born in Mason county Kentucky, on the 3rd day of February, 1803. He graduated from West Point in 1826, and served for eight years in the U. S. Infantry as a company officer, adjutant, and staff officer. In 1834 he resigned his commission, emigrated in 1836 to Texas, then a republic, and joined its army as a private. His rise was very rapid, and before long he was serving as commander in-chief in preference to General Felix Houston, with whom he fought a duel. From 1838 to 1840 he was Texas' Secretary of War, and in 1839 he led a successful expedition against the Cherokee Indians. From 1840 to the outbreak of the Mexican War he lived in retirement on his farm, but in 1846 he led a regiment of Texas volunteers in the field, and at Monterey, as a staff officer, he had three horses shot from under him. In 1849 he returned to the United States army as a Major and paymaster, and in 1855 became colonel of the 2nd U. S Cavalry, in which his lieutenant colonel was Robert E. Lee and his majors were Hardee and Thomas. In 1857 he commanded the expedition sent against the Mormons, and performed his difficult and dangerous mission so successfully that the objects of the expedition were attained without bloodshed. He was rewarded with the brevet of brigadier-general. At the outbreak of the war in 1861 Johnston, then in command of the Pacific department, resigned his commission and made his way to Richmond, where President Jefferson Davis, whom he had known at West Point, at once made him a full general in the Confederate army and assigned him to command of the department of Kentucky. Here he had to defend a long and weak line from the Mississippi to the Alleghany Mountains, which was dangerously advanced on account of the political necessity of covering friendly country. The first serious advance of the Federals forced him back at once, and he was freely criticized and denounced for what, in ignorance of the facts, the Southern press and people regarded as a weak and irresolute defence. Johnston himself who entered upon the Confederate War with the reputation of being the foremost soldier on either side, bore with fortitude the reproaches of his countrymen, and President Davis loyally supported his old friend. General Johnston then marched to join General Beauregard at Corinth, Miss., and with the United forces took the offensive against General Grant's army at Pittsburg Landing. The battle of Shiloh took place on the 6th and 7th of April, 1882. The Federals were completely surprised, and Gen. Johnston was in the full tide of success when he fell mortally wounded. He died a few minutes afterwards. President Davis said, in his message to the Confederate Congress, "Without doing injustice to the living, it may safely be said that our loss is irreparable," and the subsequent history of the war in the west went far to prove the truth of his eulogy.

The third President chosen by the people, was General Sam Houston, for a second term.

The fourth and last president thus chosen, was Anson Jones. He was born in Massachusetts in 1879, and came to Texas in 1833. During the struggle for independence he entered the army as a private soldier. He was elected to the second Congress of Texas in 1837, and 1838 he was appointed Texas minister to the United States. After his return he was elected Senator from Brazoria county, and was Secretary of State under Houston's second administration. In 1844 he was elected president of Texas, which position he held until after annexation, when he surrendered the executive office to Governor Henderson, who had been elected first governor of the state of Texas. He put an end to his life in a fit of mental aberration in 1858.

The first Governor of the State of Texas, chosen by the people, was J. Pickney Henderson. who was born in North Carolina in 1809. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. In 1836, he raised a company of volunteers in Mississippi, and came to Texas. In November, 1836, he was appointed attorney-general of Texas and in 1837, was appointed minister plenipotentiary from Texas to England and France, to secure the recognition of Texas by these powers. Returning in 1840, he resumed the practice of law, In 1844, he was appointed one of the envoys to Washington, to negotiate a treaty of annexation. In 1845, he was elected a delegate to the convention, to frame a State constitution In Nov.

ember of the same year, he was elected first governor of Texas. On May 9th 1846, a joint resolution of the legislature was passed granting leave and authority to Governor Henderson to command in person all troops of the State in the Mexican War, then in progress, and in the resolution the right to do so was expressly asserted. Consequently, the governor did command several regiments of Texas troops in the battle of Monterey, and acted as one of the commissioners to adjust the terms of capitulation after the battle. He acted as major-general of the United States army and was awarded a sword by Congress for his distinguished services. In 1857, he was elected by the legislature to the Senate of the United States, in place of the lamented Rusk. In spite of feeble health, he repaired to the national capital, but had scarcely entered upon his duties when he was stricken down by the hand of death. He was inaugurated Governor February 19, 1846.

The second Governor of Texas chosen by the people, was George T. Wood, elected November, 1847, and served 1847 to 1849. He was a native of Georgia. He was a senator in the first legislature and was in the Mexican War in command of a regiment of Texas volunteers. He died in Polk county, Texas.

The third governor of Texas, chosen by the people was P. Hansboro Bell, a native of Virginia. He came to Texas in 1836. He took part in the battle of San Jacinto, and was for a time in command of the Texas troops upon the Indian frontier. He was elected governor of Texas in 1849, and again in 1851. He was elected representative to the United States Congress in 1853, and again in 1855. After his marriage, which took place while he was representative in Congress, he removed from Texas to North Carolina.

The fifth Governor of Texas, chosen by the people was Elisha M. Pease, elected November 1853, and re-elected November, 1855. Governor Pease was born in Connecticut, in 1812 and came to Texas in 1835. He was secretary of the general consultation at San Felipe, in 1835, and was chief clerk in the Navy and also in the treasury department under the government ad interim, holding the later appointment until the adjournment of the first congress. In June 1837, he was appointed Comptroller of Public Accounts, by General Houston. This he resigned in December, 1837. After annexation, Governor Pease was elected successively to the house in first and second legislature of Texas, and senator in the third legislature. In 1867 he was, by General Sheridan, appointed provisional governor, which post he resigned in 1869. In 1874, he was tendered the appointment of collector of the port of Galveston, which he declined.

The seventh Governor of Texas, chosen by the people was Hardin R. Runnels, elected November, 1857. He was born in Mississippi and came to Texas in 1842. He was speaker of the House of Representatives in 1853, was Lieutenant Governor of Texas during Pease's second term of office, and died in Bowie county, Texas, in 1873.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912.

Of Frontier Times, published monthly at Bandera, Texas, for April, 1925.

State of Texas
County of Bandera

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. Marvin Hunter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of Frontier Times, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, towit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, and business manager is: J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas.
2. That the owner is: J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera. Texas.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owing or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

J. MARVIN HUNTER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of April, 1925.

W. S. ETHRIDGE.
Notary Public.

The Massacre of Henry Warren's Train

Excerpts from "Five Years a Cavalryman." Copied and Sent to Frontier Times by Captain June Peak, 4409 Worth Street, Dallas, Texas

During the early months of 1871 the incursions of hostile Indians had been unusually frequent, and were marked by a degree of ferocity unknown during recent years, and so loud and urgent were the appeals made by the citizens to the authorities at Washington that General W. T. Sherman, then commanding the army, determined to extend a tour of the frontier posts which he had in contemplation, so as to embrace Fort Richardson Texas, and Fort Sill, Indian Territory.

On the evening of May 17th General Sherman, accompanied by General Randolph B. Marcy, Inspector General of the Army and an escort of seventeen men of the Tenth Infantry, arrived at Fort Richardson from Fort Belknap, having left San Antonio May 2d, and visited the entire chain of posts that at that time marked the limit of the settlements in Western Texas. The veteran Marcy, one of the most accomplished soldiers of the old army as stated, accompanied him, and he took occasion to remark in his journal as he rode from Belknap to Jacksboro:

"This rich and beautiful section of country does not contain today (Mar 17, 1871,) as many white people as it did when I was stationed here eighteen years ago, and if the Indian marauders are not punished, the whole country seems to be in a fair way to becoming depopulated."

On May 18th, the day after General Sherman arrived at Fort Richardson, the mule-train of Captain Henry Warren, a government conductor at Fort Griffin, was attacked by a band of one hundred and fifty Indians while en route from Jacksboro to the latter place, near Flat Top Mountain, about halfway between Jacksboro and Belknap, and the wagonmaster and six teamsters killed, one other teamster severely wounded, and the remaining teamsters escaping.

The very spot on which the massacre took place had been passed over by the General and his party the day previous, and had the Indians attacked them, so overwhelming was their number, he and those who accompanied him might have met a similar fate to those with the wagon train.

The trip of General Sherman's was of momentous importance to this whole region of country, and it is fair to presume, had it not occurred, Jack county and other counties now thickly settled with a prosperous and happy people would not contain a tithe of their present population. Immediately on receipt of the news of the massacre, the General sent "General Mackenzie with one hundred and fifty cavalry and thirty days rations on pack animals, to pursue and chastise the marauders."

On the 19th, the last day of General Sherman's stay at Fort Richardson, a delegation of citizens from Jacksboro proceeded to visit him, and lay before him the exact condition of affairs growing out of the policy allowing the Indians to leave their reservation, and assured him that unless decisive action was taken, and these stopped, Northwest Texas would soon become depopulated, and a delightful and improving country allowed to lapse into barbarism.

The General listened attentively to their representations, and seemed to grasp the situation, stating that he felt keenly the injustice of the Indian policy of the government, and promised to do all in his power to remedy the existing conditions. The deputation obtained permission to go to Fort Sill and recover stock stolen from them by the Indians, in case they could identify, satisfactorily, the animals. During this day (the 19th) General Mackenzie verified the report of the massacre of the teamsters of Captain Warren's train; their bodies were found to be horribly mutilated, and one of the Elliot brothers (Samuel) burned to a cinder, the savages having chained the poor fellow between the wheels of a wagon and built a fire under him.

On the 20th day of May General Sherman and his escort left for Fort Sill, via Victoria Peak and Red River Station, reaching there on the afternoon of the 23rd.

Lowrie Taten, the agent of the Kiowas and Comanches, an estimable Quaker gentleman, called on General Sherman soon after his arrival, and it was very evident that he conscientiously believed the experiment then being tried with those Indians was a failure in a great measure.

During the 24th and 25th General Sherman remained at Fort Sill inspecting the buildings and visiting the signal station on one of the most elevated easterly peaks of the Wichita Mountains, which attain a very considerable altitude in this vicinity.

On the afternoon of May 27th, about four o'clock, several Kiowa chiefs, among them Satanta, Satank, Kicking Bird and Lone Wolf, came to the agency to draw their rations. In a talk with the agent, Satanta boasted that he, "With one hundred warriors, had made the recent attack upon the train;" that he (or they) had killed seven teamsters and driven off forty-one mules. Said he: "If any other Indian said he did it, he was a liar; he was the chief who commanded." He pointed out Satank and Big (or Tall) Tree and also another chief as having taken part in the action. The interpreter having conveyed Satanta's words to the agent, the later at once reported the facts to General Sherman, and requested him to arrest the Indians concerned, whereupon the General sent for them, and Satanta acknowledged what he had stated to the agent, and the General immediately informed him he should confine them and send them to Texas for trial by the civil authorities. Satanta now began to see the serious trouble he was in, and to protest that he "did not personally kill anybody in the fight, nor did he even blow his bugle; that his young men wanted a little fight and to take a few white scalps, and he went with them merely to show them how to make war." He added, that awhile before this the whites had killed three of his people and wounded four more, and he thought he was now square and ready to quit. Gen. Sherman told him it was very cowardly for a hundred warriors to attack twelve poor teamsters, and that he should send the three Indians implicated to Texas. Seeing no escape, Satanta remarked that rather than be sent to Teaxs, he preferred being shot on the spot. Kicking Bird, one of the most influential chiefs of his tribe, addressed the General, and protested his having done all in his power to prevent the young warriors from leaving the reservation, and interceded for his friends, but the General, while informing him that he was aware of his good influence, firmly told him that the arrested Indians must be sent to Texas.

This now historic chief, Satanta, is described by W. E. Webb, in his Western sketches, "Buffalo Land," "as the very embodiment of treachery, ferocity and bravado. Phrenologically considered, his head must have been a carnal marvel, and the bumps on it mapping out the kingdom of evil, a sort of Rocky Mountain chain towering over the more peaceful valleys around. Viewed from the towering peaks of combativness and acquisitiveness, the territory of his past would reveal to the phrenologist an untold number of government mules fenced in by sutlers' stores, while bending over the bloody trail, leading back almost to his bark cradle, would be the shades of many mothers and wives, searching among the wrecks of emigrant trains for flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone. Satanta was long a name on the plains to hate and abhor; an abject beggar in the camps of the pale-face, a demon on the trail." All of which poetic description means that Satanta was a typical Indian, and consequently a bad one.The truth is, however, that neither Satanta nor Big Tree were either exceptionally bad or unusually distinguished above their fellows; in fact, they were not very prominent as chiefs in their tribe, but as they happened to be caught in the perpetration of this crime during the opportune visit of the General of the army, and were made examples of, as was proper, it is in order to depict them in the blackest colors, and ascribed to them all the crimes in the (Indian) calendar, and all the savage traits in the superlative degree. They have at any rate achieved celebrity, and their capture and trail will go down into history one of the causes celebre.

"At the conclusion of Kicking Bird's harangue, a detachment of about twenty soldiers came up in front of the plazza where we were assembled, at which the Indians seemed much excited, nearly all of them having either a Colt's revolver or a Spencer carbine, or both. Lone Wolf, a chief, now rode up on a fine horse, dismounted, laid two carbines and a bow and quiver of arrows on the ground, tied his horse to the fence, then throwing his blanket from his shoulders fastened it around his waist, picked up the carbines in one hand and the bow and arrows in the other, and with the most deliberate and defiant air strode up to the piazza; then giving one of the carbines to an Indian who had no arms, and the bow and arrows to another, who at once strung the bow and pulled out a handful of arrows, he seated himself and cocked his carbine, at which the soldiers all brought their carbines to an 'aim' upon the crowd, wherepuon Satanta and some other Indians held up their hands and cried: "No! No! No! Don't shoot." The soldiers were directed not to fire, but at that moment we heard shots fired outside the fort, which resulted from the fact that the guard had been ordered to permit no Indians to leave without further instructions. Some Indians attempting to go out had been halted by the sentinels, when one of them shot an arrow, wounding one of the sentinels; the shot was returned by the soldier, killing the Indian as he was riding off. When the excitement had subsided a little the General told the Indians that they must return the forty-one mules, which Kicking Bird promised to do, and he went off for them, but on his arrival at the camp, he discovered that the squaws had been frightened and ran off with all of the animals except eight, which were taken possession of. All the Indians were allowed to leave except the prisoners, who were put in irons and closely guarded.

"The benevolent, civilizing peace policy, so urgently advocated by a class of people in the Eastern States, has received a long and fair experimental trial with these Indians. They heave been regularly fed and the kindest treatment extended to them by our authorities but it has not had the slightest effect upon them. They have no more conception of gratitude than so many wolves, and they have not only acknowledged their atrocities, but have boasted of them. There was scarcely a day during our trip through the frontier settlements of Texas that we did not see or hear of some persons who had suffered from Indian raids, and there seemed to be no prospect of their ceasing. The question has resolved itself into this, that the border settlers of Texas must be annihilated; or the Indians chastised and disarmed."

General Sherman and his party remained at Fort Sill until May 30th, when he resumed his trip, visiting and attending a convention of several semi-civilized Indian tribes at Ockmulgee on June 5th, and upon invitation he addressed the assembly, giving them some good advice. He arrived at Fort Gibson on the 7th, and on the 9th departed for Fort Leavenworth, reaching there on the 10th inst.

Thus ended a trip momentous in its importance to the whole region through which he passed, and it is incontrovertible that his prompt action saved Northwest Texas from the raids of the savage, and pushed forward the "dial hand of progress."

As stated above, Satanta, Big Tree and Satank were arrested on May 27th; they were at once heavily ironed (what Colonel Starr used to call "shoeing them all around"), and on the 31st two of them were safely lodged in the guardhouse of Fort Richardson by Colonel R. S. Mackenzie, under whose escort, with a detachment of soldiers, they were brought from Fort Sill. One day while on the trip from there, Satank loosed his heavy iron hand-cuffs by gnawing and stripping the flesh to the bone. With the swiftness and ferocity of a tiger he seized a carbine, and springing from the wagon, attemped to shoot one of the soldiers, although he must have known the consequences, but preferred death in any form to taking the chances of Texas justice. A soldier at once sent a "carbine fifty-six" Spencer ball through him, and he fell lifeless to the ground. This incident had a salutary effect on Satanta and Big Tree, and they were exceedingly docile during the rest of the trip. The arrest of these Indians and their approaching trial created interest throughout Northwest Texas, and Judge Charles Soward, at that time Judge of the Judicial district in which Jacksboro was embraced, as soon as he was informed of the arrival of the prisoners, fixed for their trial at the approaching term of the district court.

Upon the opening of the July term of the court the grand jury, of which S. W. Eastin was foreman, promptly indicted the two distinguished cutthroats, and on Wednesday, July 5, 1871, this memorable trial commenced in the old court-house at Jacksboro, His Honor, Charles Soward, on the bench. The prosecution was conducted by Hon. S W. T. Lanham, the district attorney, and Thomas Ball and Joe Woolfork appeared as counsel for the prisoners. The jury before whom they were tried consisted of Thomas Williams (a brother of the famous "Blue Jeans" of Indiana, and a pioneer settler), foreman; John Cameron, Evert Johnson, Jr., H. B. Verner, Stanley Cooper, William Hensley, John H. Brown, Peter Lynn, Peter Hart, Daniel C. Brown, L. P. Bunch and James Cooley. The principal witnesses were General R. S. Mackenzie, Lowrie Taten and Thomas Brazale (one of the teamsters who escaped the massacre). At the conclusion of the testimony the attorneys for the prisoners made every effort to convince the jury of the innocence of their clients(?), after which Mr. Lanham closed with a powerful address, from which we can only give brief extracts:

"This is a novel and important trial, and has perhaps no precedent in the history of American criminal jurisprudence. The remarkable character of the prisoners, who are leading representatives of their race; their crude and barbarous appearance, the gravity of the charge, the number of the vistims, the horrid brutality and inhuman butchery inflicted upon the bodies of the dead, the dreadful and terrific spectacle of seven men who were husbands, fathers, brothers, sons and lovers on the morning of the dark and bloody day of this atrocious deed, and rose from their rude tents, bright with hope, in prime and pride of manhood, found at a later hour beyond recognition, in every condition of horrid disfiguration, unutterable mutiliation and death, lying

'Stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies.'

"This vast collection of our border people, this 'sea of faces,' including distinguished gentlemen, civic and military, who have come hither to witness the triumph of law and justice over barbarism; the matron and maiden, the gray-haired sire and the immature lad who have been attracted to this tribunal by this unusual occasion, all conspire to surround this cause with thrilling and extraordinary interest!

"Satanta, the veteran counsel chief of the Kiowas, the orator, diplomat, the counsellor of his tribe, the pulse of his race; Big Tree, the young war chief who leads in the thickest of the fight, and follows no one in the chase, the warrior athlete, with the speed of the deer and the eye of the eagle, are before this bar in the charge of the law! So they would be described by Indian admirers who live in more secure and favored lands remote from the frontier, where 'distnace lands enchantment' to the imagination, where the story of Pocahontas and the speech of Logan, the Mingo, are read, and where the dread sound of the warwhoop is not heard. We, who see them today, disrobed of all their fancied graces, exposed in the light of reality, behold them through far different lenses! We recognize in Satanta the arch-fiend of treachery and blood, * * * the artful dealer in bravado while in the powwow, and the abject coward in the field, as well as the cating and double-tongued hypocrite when detected and overcome! In Big Tree we preceive the tiger-demon who has tasted blood and loves it as his food, who stops at no crime how black soever, who is swift at every species of ferocity, and pities not at any sight of agony or death, and has no feeling of sympathy or remorse. * * Mistaken sympathy for these vile creatures has kindled the flame around the cabin of the pioneer, and despoiled him of his hard earnings, murdered and scalped our people and carried off our women into captivity worse than death. * * We have cried aloud for help, we have begged for relief, deaf ears have been turned to our cries, and the story of our wrongs has been discredited. Had it not been for General Sherman and his most opportune journey through this section, and his personal observation of this dire tragedy, it may well be doubted whether these brutes in human shape would ever have been brought to trial. We are greatly indebted to the military arm of government for kindly offices and co-operation in procuring the arrest and transference of the defendants. If the entire management of the Indian question were submitted to that gallant and distingunshed army officer (General Mackenzie) who graces this occasion with his dignified presence, our frontier would soon enjoy immunity from these marauders."

The evidence against the prisoners was so direct; their absence from the reservation for thirty days, their return with the captured mules and other property, the boasting of Satanta that it was he, Satank and Big Tree who led the raid, the evidence of the sergeant who identified and described the arrows as those of the Kiowas; in short, the same amount of evidence would have convicted white men had they been charged with similar crimes, and after a typical Indian speech by Satanta, through his interpreter, Jones, the case went to the jury. On July 8th Judge Soward delivered his charge to the jury, minutely detailing the facts as adduced at the trial, and after a brief absence they returned and rendered their verdict of "murder in the first degree." The prisoners were remanded to the custody of the sheriff, and subsequently sentenced to be hung on September 1, 1871.

The most dramatic incident connected with this trial was the speech of Satanta, made at its conclusion, and interpeted by Mr. Jones, a remarkable man in his way, who had lived among the Kiowas and Comanches for many years, and was familiar with all their dialects. He is now (1889) still at Fort Sill and is invaluable in his capacity of interpreter.

The harangue was spoken in the Comanche tongue, that being the dominant vernacular among the Indians on the plains. The chief was handcuffed at the time of his speech, which was delivered semi-signal, semi-oral, so to speak. Of course it cannot now be literally reproduced, but is given below as substantially remembered:

"I cannot speak with these things upon my wrists (holding up his arms to show the iron bracelets); I am a squaw. Has anything been heard from the Great Father? I have never been so near the Tehannas (Texans) before. I look around me and see your braves, squaws and papooses, and I have said in my heart if I ever get back to my people I will never make war upon you. I have always been the friend of the white man, ever since I was so high (indicating by sign the height of a boy). My tribe has taunted me and called me a squaw because I have been the friend of the Tehannas I am suffering now for the crimes of the Indians—of Satank and Lone Wolf and Kicking Bird and Big How and Fast Bear and Eagle Heart, and if you will let me go I will kill the three latter with my own hand. I did not kill the Tehannas. I came down to Pease river as a big medicine man to doctor the wounds of the braves. I am a big chief among my people, and have great influence among the warriors of my tribe—they know my voice and will hear my word. If you will let me go back to my people I will withdraw my warriors from Tehanna. I will take them all across Red River and that shall be the line between us and the pale-faces. I will wash out the spots of blood and make it a white land, and there shall be peace, and the Tehannas may plow and drive their oxen to the river; but if you kill me it will be a spark on the prairie—make big fire—burn heap."

On the 10th of July, immediately after the adjournment of the court at Jacksboro, Judge Soward addressed a lengthy communication to Edmund J. Davis, then Governor of Texas, in which he sets forth many reasons why it seemed polite to commute the sentences of these Indians to imprisonment for life, and urging upon the Governor that not only would imprisonment be a greater punishment to these wild natures than death, and in view of the Quaker agent at Fort Sill having committed himself to the policy of turning Indians charged with depredations over to Texas authorities, it seemed best to commute these sentences. Besides this, Satanta having implicated other chiefs, the Judge recommended that a commission be sent through the proper military channels to General Mackenzie for their immediate arrest.

On August 2, 1871, Governor Davis issued his proclamation as follows:

"The State of Texas.

"To all to whom these presents shall come:

"Whereas, At the July term, A. D. 1871, of the district court of Jack county, in said State, one 'Satanta' and 'Big Tree' known as Indians of the Kiowa tribe were tried and convicted on a charge of murder and sentenced therefor to suffer the penalty of death on the first day of September, A. D. 1871, and,

"Whereas, it is deemed that a commutation of said sentence to imprisonment for life will be more likely to operate as a restraint upon others of the tribe to which these Indians belong; and,

"Whereas, The killing for which these Indians were sentenced can hardly be considered as just consideration of, the animus as coming within the technical crime of murder under the statutes of the State, but rather as an act of savage warfare;

"Now, therefore, I, Edmund J. Davis, Governor of Texas, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the constitution and laws of this State, do hereby commute he sentences of Satanta and Big Tree to imprisonment for life, at hard labour, in the State penitentiary, and hereby direct the Clerk of the District Court of Jack county to make this commutation of sentence a matter of record in his office."

In accordance with the foregoing, General Reynolds, then commanding the Department of Texas and Louisiana (Par. 4 of special orders No. 185, September 12, 1871), directed the commanding officer at Fort Richardson to send the prisoners "under suitable guard to Huntsville, Texas, and cause them to be delivered to the warden of said penitentiary, taking a receipt for their delivery." The records of the penitentiary show that these two famous outlaws were duly received on November 12, 8171, and registered as No. 2107 and 2108 respectively.

Immense efforts were made by sentimentalists in the North from time to time to have them released, seconded by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, but what particular influence was brought to bear upon President Grant is not known; however, on August 19, 1873, the penitentiary records contain this entry: "Set at liberty by Governor Davis this day, upon recommendation of the President of the United States, upon parole."

Satanta and Big Tree were accordingly set at liberty and escorted from Huntsville back to Fort Sill. Raiding along the border broke out anew, and on October 30, 1874, Lieutenant General Sheridan, from a camp on the North Fork of the Canadian river, directed their "arrest and return to the Texas penitentiary," which was done, but Big Tree was never subsequently captured. The former finally ended his life by jumping or throwing himself from the upper window of the prison.

The fall of 1873 marked, I believe, the last murder committed by hostile Indians in Jack county, although in the succeeding year large parties of surveyors began to cover all of the North west Texas, locating the enormous grants made to the various railroads that were projecting in the State, and which in the near future were to cover its "magnificent distances" with a network of iron rails.

During this time when these vast bodies of land were being located, Jacksboro was in a manner revived by the presence of large surveying parties, numbering in some instances forty or fifty men, and for a few days at a time would brighten up with a temporary or remittent excitement that would almost remained one of the "halcyon days" gone by. These parties would "outfit" here, the boys would spend their money liberally and occasionally kill each other, and it really made the oldtimer rub his hands with glee, and cause a smile to irradiate his countenance, as he saw again in his dreams Jacksboro putting on her former airs and graces as a red-hot town.

Here was the headquarters of a surveying district which embraced about all of Texas north and west of Jack county, attached for land purposes, and the books and records of this immense territory were all in Jacksboro, and her county surveyor, Uncle Billy Benson, was really "Monarch of all he surveyed."

But alas! this was the fitful, expiring gleam of flush times, which flared up for the moment, and then went out quickly, and left us a time of long and weary waiting for the legitimate setting up of the country, which was to come by immigration and come to stay.

Fast following on the heels of these land locators, the wagons of the emigrant began to move forward toward the "waste places;" safety at last was felt outside of the shadow of the military posts, which, since the close of the war had formed the only nuclei for settlements, and the garrisons began to be reduced and many of the less important posts abandoned. Fort Richardson continued to be occupied by a small garrison until May, 1878, when the flag was hauled down for the last time, the last wagon-load of the immense supply of stores rolled out for forts still being maintained further West, the last bluecoated soldier disappeared on the horizon, the buildings reverted to the owner from whom they had been leased, and nothing remained at Jacksboro but a tradition of the red-hot times "when the soldiers were here."

The post cemetery, with its silent occupants, whose last "retreat" had sounded, and over whom ,'taps" had been blown for the last time, remained for a few years longer, a solemn reminiscence of the stirring scenes about the old post, but in 1883 an agent of the Quartermaster's Department removed the bodies to the National Cemetery at San Antonio, and military occupation was forever ended on that part of the Texas frontier which I was familiar with, and on which, in "twenty odd years," I have seen such surprising changes occur as neither the lamp of Aladdin nor the magician's wand could have brought about.

The Battle of Bandera Pass

A. J. Sowell in San Antonio Light September 27, 1921.

Bandera Pass is situated in the northeastern edge of Bandera county, and is noted for two famous battles fought there and these battles were about 100 years apart.

About 60 years prior to our War of the Revolution a Spanish colony from the Canary Islands settled where the city of San Antonio now is. One of the objects of this colony was to civilize the wild tribes of Indians who roamed over the great plains of Texas. Some of these tribes who were not as warlike were easily humbled and helped to build the missions and dig the irrigation ditches. Many of them also were taken into the Catholic church. There was one powerful, haughty, warlike tribe, however, who could not be handled by the colonists. They were the Apaches, and their home was in and around the now famous pass, many villages of tepees being on the creeks adjacent. They made many raids on San Antonio, carried off their stock and robbed their houses, often making the citizens hold their horses while they pillaged the premises.

This state of affairs could not be endured, and the King of Spain was notified of the situation. He at once sent General Bandera with a body of troops for the protection of the colonists. The stronghold of the Apaches was easily located on account of the plain trails which led from San Antonio. The Indians discovered the approach of the Spaniards and abandoned the villages, scattering the squaws and papooses in the hills and numbers occupied the pass and hills adjoining and there awaited the onset of the Spanish army. A terrible battle raged for three days, but finally were defeated with great slaughter and the remnant retreated west across the plains and settled in New Mexico, and their decendants are there yet. The villages were burned and General Bandera returned to San Antonio and was stationed there for the protection of the colonists in case of future raids. The pass, creek, town and county were named for this Spanish general. His name means flag in English.

John Coffee Hays, better known in Texas as Jack Hayes, was born in Wilson county, Tenn., in 1818. He was named for General Coffee who commanded a brigade in the army of General Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans. He came to Texas in 1837 when but 19 years of age, and located at San Antonio. He was a surveyor by profession and was employed to survey lands on the frontier His active life on the frontier gave him a hardy constitution and none could bear more hardships than he. His talent as a commander and leader of border men early developed and he was soon among the chosen leaders of the pioneers of Southwest Texas. His reputation as a fighter rose so rapidly. he was given command of the frontier with the rank of major in 1840. This was in part owing to his gallantry in the great Indian battle of Plum Creek, where 200 Texans defeated 600 Comanche Indians and pursued them to the foot of the mountains, the pursuit ending where the town of Kyle is now. This was in 1840. He attracted the attention of President Houston who commissioned him to raise a company of rangers to be stationed in or near San Antonio for the protection of the settlers. It was during this time that he fought the battle of Bandera Pass with the Comanche Indians.

At this time the rangers under Hays were camped on Leon Creek, seven miles west of San Antonio. His scouting ground was Pedernales, Guadalupe, Nueces, Medina, Llano and the Frios, and these scouts fought six battles with the Comanches. In 1842, about 100 years after Bandera fought the Apaches, Captain Hays started with about 40 men, intending to go out through the pass and scout up the Guadalupe. They made their last camp where the town of Bandera now is and arrived at the pass about 10 o'clock the following morning. In the meantime, about 100 Comanches were coming south on a raid and discovered the approach of the rangers while several miles away as the country was not brushy then.

The Indian chief laid an ambush, secreting warriors on both sides of the pass, a dense body of them being in a ravine which entered the pass on the west side. When the Rangers entered the pass they were considerably scattered. The Indians allowed them to penetrate about half way before the attack was made. They came in such numbers and so furiously, yelling and shooting, some confusion prevailed, frightened and wounded horses wheeling and trying to run back. The presence and coolness of Hays soon restored order.

The fight was fierce and bloody, often hand to hand with Bowie knives, when rifles and the small five-shooting revolvers could no longer be loaded. Finally the Comanche chief was kllied by Kit Ackland in a desperate knife battle. The gallant ranger was also badly cut. The Indians soon withdrew to the north end of the pass and the rangers to the south end where there was a big water hole and went into camp. They brought their dead and wounded with them. Five rangers were killed and six wounded. The dead were buried near the water hole, the graves being dug with hatchets and knives.

Among the killed was George Jackson, son of Tom Jackson, who was killed with Travis in the Alamo. Another one was Peter Fore, shot through the heart with an arrow. The wounded were Tom Galbreath, Ben Highsmith, Kit Ackland, Sam Luckey, Sam Walker and Andrew Erskine. The Indians kept up a great noise until late at night, but when daylight came they were all gone. Their dead had all been removed and the chief buried near the north end of the pass, the grave having a pile of rocks on it. The horses of the slain warriors were killed at the north end of the pass. This was part of their religion, believing that the dead warriors will need their horses to ride to the "Happy Hunting Ground". Great quantities of these horses bones were still to be seen when the first settlers came into the country. The dead Indians were hidden somewhere but the rangers did not look for them. Captain Hays carried his wounded men at once to San Antonio, where they could get medical aid.

It is quite remarkable that so many of these young rangers who fought this battle became noted men afterwards, Jack Hays commanded a regiment of Texas rangers in General Taylor's army in Mexico. Sam Walker who was badly lanced at Bandera Pass was lieutenant colonel of Hay's regiment and was killed at the battle of Humantla. Ben McCulloch commanded a spy company in the regiment of Hays in Mexico, was major general in the Confederate army in the Civil War and was killed at the oattle of Elk Horn. P. Hansborough Bell commanded a regiment in the Mexican war and was afterwards governor of Texas. Ad. Gillespie was a captain in the regiment of Hays and was killed at the storming of Monterey. Bigfoot Wallace was his lieutenant and carried him away from the walls which they were assaulting. Mike Chevalier was a major in Hays' regiment. George Neill was a veteran of San Jacinto and son of Colonel Neill who was in command of the Alamo until relieved by Colonel Travis. Andrew Erskine, a prominent citizen of Guadalupe county was killed at the battle of Gaines Mill during the Civil War. Creed Taylor, one of a historic family of the early days in Texas, died at a very advanced age at his ranch in Kimble county. Mike Chevalier and Kit Ackland went with Colonel Hays to California in 1848. Colonel Hays died in California in 1873, near Piedmont. Ben Highsmith, 86 years of age, died near Utopia; Tom Galbreath, 85, died near Devine in Medina county.

Old Camp Verde and the Camels

A. J. Sowell in San Antonio Light November 27, 1921.

This historic place is situated on Verde creek about eight miles west of Center Point and is laid down on the Spanish maps as "Verde arroyo," (Green Creek). It was established as a frontier post by an act of congress in 1855 and was also intended for a camel post. In 1856 forty camels arrived with twelve Armenian drivers and their families. A sketch had been made of an eastern caravansary in Asia Minor, and it was reproduced at Camp Verde in every minute particular. It was built in a rectangular shape except the north wall, which made an angle, the distance from each corner to this angle being 150 feet. This wall was fifteen feet high and made of concrete and timber, called "Pise" work. The timber came from Pensacola, Fla., and cost the government $125 a thousand to get it here. The south walls were not so high, and in front was an open court, in which was a well with the old style Egyptain sweep. This project of using camels on the frontier originated with Jefferson Davis. He thought that camels could cross the desert country with more ease and quicker than horses and go longer without water, which would greatly faciliate carrying dispatches and following Indians. This was all true enough. The camels could cross the desert stretches better than a horse if it had all been desert sand, but Camp Verde is a mountainous and rocky country, over which the camel with its soft spongy feet, only suited to sand, could make but little headway. The Spanish pony could beat him. Later it might have succeeded when the line of post extended out to the great plains, but the project at Camp Verde was a failure.

Capt. I. N. Palmer was the first commander at this post, and he rose to the rank of general in the United States army during the Civil War. Major Browman next occupied the position, and died here. Lieutenant Wheaton, afterwards a general, also cammanded here. Gen. Robert E. Lee and General Albert Sidney Johnson were also at this post, and it was here that General Johnson started on the expedition across the plains, by order of the United States government, to operate against the Mormons in 1857. The Johnson fork of the Guadalupe was named for him. He was a major general in the Confederate army in the Civil War and was killed at the battle of Shiloh. His body was brought back to Texas and buried at Austin, as was also that of Gen. Ben McCulloch. Bigfoot Wallace s also buried near their graves.

The post was surrendered to the Confederates in 1861 and occupied by them until 1865, when the United States government again took posession of it. The camels being a failure they were sold in 1868 to Bethel Coopwood. Up to that time they had increased to 125. The price that Coopwood paid for them was around $14. Part of the breeding stock was then sold to a man here in Texas who raised them for a circus, and the remainder was bought (that is, of the breeding stock), by a California man who raised them for their hair value. The strong camels were sent to Mexico to be used by a transportation company, a scheme of Mr Coopwood, but it failed. They were kept some time in Mexico and their feed bill ran up $800, when they were sold to cover it. They were redeemed by the Vance brothers and brought back to the United States and placed with a bunch in California. Some few escaped from Camp Verde and went into the mountains here, and a good price was paid for them when found and brought back by anyone. At that time they had not become wild and could be easily managed when found. When the writer was at Castroville on one occasion an old German told me that he caught one of the camels when a boy and carried it to San Antonio and the government paid him $30 for it. During the cholera scare of 1892, General Wheaton, who was in command of the department of Texas, took an option of the property for a year, with a privilege of longer time, so they could absolutely have a quarantine camp by closing roads and stopping all travel to this place. This arrangement was made by the commissioners court through J. A. Bonnell, who then owned the Camp Verde property.

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

When I awoke day was beginning to break, birds were singing and squirrels chattering in the trees. The rain had ceased, and after brushing off the damp leaves that adhered to my clothes, my toilet was made, and I started back in the direction of the bottom very near the place where I had entered it the evening before, but no living thing was visible on the prairie as far as I could see, except some herds of deer and a flock of wild turkeys. I proceeded cautiously along the edge of timber until I came to the place where the Mexicans had staked their horses. They were gone and hearing no sounds from the woods in which they had camped, I ventured in to reconnoitre. Their fires were still burning, but the camp was deserted and there was nothing left to indicate the probable fate of my companions.

I was exceedingly hungry, and I searched the camp closely, hoping the Mexicans might have forgotten someremnant of their provisions when they went off, but I found no vestige of eatables of any kind except a few egg shells. Leaving the camp, I returned to the prairie and traveled up and down the timber for several miles hoping to meet with one or the other of my companions I continud my search for them until late in the evening, when having abandoned all hopes of finding them, I struck out across the prairie in the direction I intended going. Before I had gone a quarter of a mile I happened to look back towards the river and saw a house that had been hidden from my view, when searching for my companions, by a strip of timber. As I was suffering much from hunger, I concluded to return and make an examination of this house and premises, hoping I might find something to eat.

I approached the house cautiously for fear it might be occupied by a marauding party of Mexicans, but seeing nothing to excite my suspicions, I ventured up. Everything about the house—furniture broken and strewn in fragments over the floor, beds ripped open and their contents scattered around, plainly indicated that it had been visited by some plundering bunch of rancheros or Indians. However, in an outhouse near the main building, I found a piece of bacon and four or five ears of corn. The corn, I ground upon a steel mill that was fastened to a post in the yard, and starting a fire in one of the chimneys of the main building, I very soon prepared a substantial meal of "ash cake" and broiled bacon, to which I paid my sincere respects. By this time night had set in, and, spreading some tattered bed clothes left in the house upon the floor, I slept comfortably until morning.

The next morning, after making a hearty breakfast on ash cake and bacon, as there was no urgent necessity for hurrying forward, I concluded I would make another attempt to find my companions, and again I traveled several miles above and below, along the edge of the timber, but seeing nothing of them I at length became satisfied that they had been captured by the Mexicans, or had gone on without waiting for me. The factes were, however, as I afterwards learned from both of them when I subsequently met them on the Brazos, about as follows: After Brown and I broke away from the ranchero and went off in different directions, he pursued Brown, came up with him and took him back to the camp. There they tied him securely to a tree, and then proceeded leisurely to cook and eat their supper. Brown, who could speak a little Spanish, told them he was starving and begged them to give him something to eat, but they said it was useless to do so as they intended to hoot him in the morning. He then told them if such was their intention to shoot him at once and not to keep him tied up to a tree like a dog all night, but the Mexicans paid no attention to his request and when they had finished their supper, they laid down upon their blankets and went to sleep. Brown tried his best to untie himself, but the ranchero had fastened him so securely to the tree that he found it impossible to get loose and was compelled to remain in a standing position all night.

The next morning, as soon as it was fairly light, one of the rancheros walked up to Brown and pinned a piece of white cloth to his breast, telling him it was a mark for them to shoot at. Four or five rancheros then stationed themselves a few paces in front of him, cocked their guns and presented them as if about to shoot. All this time, Brown, who had been rendered perfectly desperate by pain and hunger, was cursing the Mexicans as much as his imperfect knowledge of the language would permit. He told them they were a set of cowardly scoundrels, and that the bravest feat they had ever performed was the murder of an unarmed and helpless prisoner, and so on. Brown said he was suffering and had suffered so excruciatingly from pain and hunger all night that he really wanted the Mexicans to shoot him and put him out of his misery, but they seemed astonished at his boldness and sang froid, and the one in command of the party came to where he was tied, cut the ropes and told him to go, that he was "muy bravo" (very brave), and that in place of shooting him they would leave him to perish of hunger. Then they saddled their horses and rode off. Some days afterwards Brown was again captured by a party of Mexicans, but in some why he managed to escape from them and finally, more by good luck than anything else, for he was a poor woodsman, he made his way to the army on the Brazos.

Holliday, as I have before stated, was not seen when the ranchero captured Brown and myself, and as soon as it was dark he left his hiding place and took his course across the prairie. Subsequently he had many narrow escapes from marauding parties of Mexicans and Indians. On one occasion a party of Mexicans pursued him so closely that he took refuge in a lake. He waded on till the water was up to his neck, when the Mexicans amused themselves for sometime by firing off their scopets at his head, but fortunately for Holliday night came on, and under cover of the darkness he skipped out and dodged his pursuers.

Another time, two runaway negro men caught him in a house to which he had gone in search of something to eat. They asked him if he was a Texan, and upon his replying in the affirmative they told him they intended to kill him. Whereupon they tied him securely in the room and went out, but in a few moments returned each one with a heavy club in his hand, and they told him to say his prayers speedily, as they were going to beat out his brains. Holliday, however, "reasoned" the matter with them, telling them it wasn't fair to kill him for what other white men might have done to them—that he had never injured them in any way, etc. His talk seemed to produce some effect upon one of the negroes, but the other insisted upon killing him. Finally, however, the one who was inclined to favor him prevailed upon the other to abandon his intention of beating out his brains, they said they would not kill him but would take him to the camp of some Mexican guerrillas near by. Holliday thought this would be better than "jumping out of the frying pan into the fire;" that such a proceeding would not be better than having his brains knocked out,—and he urged all the arguments he could think of against it. At length, much to Holliday's relief, they agreed to let him go, and before they left they not only gave him provisions, but directions that enabled him to make his way through an unknown country to the Texan army under General Houston. He came into Columbia, on the Brazos, about ten days after I did. Holliday was subsequently appointed to a captaincy in the Texas regular army, was again taken prisoner in the unfortunate Santa Fe expedition, carried to the City of Mexico, and, after his liberation, died of yellow fever on the voyage from Vera Cruz to New Orleans, and was buried at sea.

Giving up all hopes of finding my companions, I started out across the large prairie that extended in the direction I was going as far as my eye could reach. The game on this prairie was more abundant than I had seen it elsewhere. I am sure that frequently there were a thousand deer in sight at a time. Here, too, I first saw the painted grouse, or prairie hen. At first I supposed the call of the cock was the distant lowing of wild cattle, some of which were grazing on the prairie. Wild turkey were also numerous, and so unused to the sight of man, that they permitted me to approach within a few paces of them.

During the day I saw several parties of Mexicans or Indians on horses, but they did not come near me. About three o'clock in the evening I reached the timber on the Navidad, where I stopped to rest a while and lunch on some of the ash cake and bacon I had brought along with me. I then proceeded on my course through the bottom, and after going half a mile I came to the Navidad river, at that place thirty or forty yards wide It was swollen by recent rains and not fordable, so I was compelled to swim it, which I did easily, stripping off my clothes and tying them on a piece of dry wood, and pushing it before me as I swam.

As soon as I reached the bank I dressed myself and continued my course through the bottom, which was much wider on that side. I had gone perhaps half a mile, when my attention was drawn to the continuous barking of a dog in the direction from which I had come. At first I did not notice it partiuclarly, supposing it was some dog left behind by the settlers on the Navidad when they fled from the invading Mexican army. But at length I observed that although I was traveling at a pretty rapid walk the barking of this dog seemed nearer and nearer to me, and I suspected he was trailing me and that probably there was some one with him. I therefore hurried on as fast as possible, and in an hour or so came to the open prairie on the north side of the river. All this time I could hear the baying of the dog at apparently about the same distance behind me as when I first noticed it. I was sure then he was trailing me, and never halted for a moment, but continued on my course, into the prairie for several hundred yards to a fallen tree, among the limbs of which I concealed myself, and from whence I could have a distinct view of anything coming out of the bottom at the point I left it.

After I had thus "holed" myself, the barking of the dog grew louder and louder and nearer every moment, and in a little while I saw the dog, followed by three Indians, emerge from the timber, precisely at the point where I had left it, one of the Indians held the dog by a leash, and was armed with a gun, the other two had their bows and lances. If I had been armed with the poorest potmetal, muzzle-loading shotgun that was ever manufactured at Birmingham, I would not have feared them, but as I had no weapon more formidable than the scissor blade given me by Brown, I "laid low" and watched them from my hiding place. When the Indians following the dog come to the place in the prairie from whence I had turned back on my trail, the dog lost it of course, but the Indians (taking it for granted, I suppose, that I had gone on in the same direction) urged and led the dog that way until finally they went out of sight. If I had not thrown them off my trail in the manner described, there is no doubt I would have lost my scalp on that occasion, and I took considerable credit to myself for having beaten them at their own game.

I remained but a little while in the hiding place after the Indians left. But the course I wished to travel was the one they had taken, and for that reason, and because my provisions were nearly exhausted, I determined to keep up along the edge of the timber, hoping to find some settlement and replenish my larder. I followed up the margin of the timber for several miles and at length came to a "clearing", on the opposite side I saw a house. I cautiously advanced towards the house until I was satisfied it was unoccupied, and I could venture up with safety. On entering it I found that a marauding party of Mexicans had lately been there and appropriated to their own use whatever there might have been eatable on the premises. I searched the house thoroughly, but could find nothing in the way of "provender."

By the time I had finished my fruitless search for something to eat the sun was about setting, and as there was a bed in the house, which looked very inviting to me after sleeping so long on the ground, I concluded to accept the invitation and pass the night in it. After a very frugal and unsatisfying repast upon the small remnant of ash cake and bacon in my knapsack, I turned into my bed and was soon fast asleep.

It must have been near midnight when I was aroused by some noise. I listened attentively and soon ascertained that the noise was nothing but the grunting of some hogs that had taken up their quarters under the house whilst I was asleep. The house was set upon blocks, a foot or so above the ground and the space beneath the floor was therefore sufficiently roomy for their accommodation. The floor was made of puncheons or slabs, which are held in their placees solely by their weight. Hunger as well as necessity is the mother of invention. and it occurred to me that I might bag one of theses porkers by quietly lifting a puncheon immediately above the spot where they were lying and then quickly grabbing the first one I could get hold of.

I therefore got up from my comfortable bed and after listening awhile to their grunting so as to ascertain what part of the floor they were under, I slowly and noiselessly lifted a slab above them and laid it aside. Thrusting my arm down through the opening I had made, I felt around until my hand came in contact with the leg of a hog, when I suddenly seized it, and the row began. I had got hold of a hog much too large for me to manage well, and found it no easy matter to induce him to come up into my comfortable quarters. He struggled vigorously to get loose, squealing all the while in a most ear-piercing manner, and for some time I thought it very doubtful how the contest would end—whether I would succeed in hauling the ho gup into the room, or the hog in dragging me under the floor. But I knew if I "let go" there would be no pork steaks for breakfast, as the other hogs had been frightened by the squealing and struggling, and had left for parts unknown. But the idea of having no steak for breakfast gave me more than my usual strength, and at last, but not until he had cut me severely with his hard hoofs and rasped a good deal of skin off my knuckles against the sharp edges of the puncheons, I drew him by main "strength and brutality" into the room and replaced the puncheon. I had secured my hog, how to kill and butcher him was the next question. I had nothing to do it wiith except one of the blades of the little pair of scissors given me by Brown, and that I knew was totally inadequate for the purpose. I could find nothing in the room that would do, so I slipped out, carefully fastening the door after me, to see if there was anything about the premises with which I could dispatch the porker. The moon was shining brightly, and I looked all around for something that would enable me to convert my hog into pork, but could find nothing but a large maul that had been used for splitting rails, and with this I re-entered the room and made a determined assault upon the hog. The maul, however, was so heavy and unwieldly I could not handle it with sufficient celerity to inflict a stunning blow. Round and round the room we went for a quarter of an hour or more, the hog squealing all the while and his hoofs clattering on the puncheons and making altogether such a "racket" as might have been heard at the distance of half a mile. At last, however, I got a fair lick at his cranium, which brought him to the floor, where I finished him by continuous "mauling."

When the bloody deed had been committed, I was so completely exhausted that I tumbled back on the bed, was asleep in a few moments,, and did not awake until the sun was high in the heavens. I got up and the first thing I did was to drag my hog to a spring near the house, where I butchered him after a fashion, with a piece of broken drawing knife I picked up in the yard. After finishing this job I started a fire and roasted four or five pounds of the pork for breakfast, I packed as much pork as I could carry in my knapsack, and started up the bottom again, keeping close to the edge of the timber so that I might readily take shelter in the event that I should meet with a party of Mexicans or Indians. I had come to the conclusion by this time that previously I had been steering my course too low down the country, and I thought it best to keep up the river some distance before I resumed it again, in order to avoid the lagoons and swamps which I supposed abounded in the vicinity of the coast.

I traveled five or six miles without seeing anything worthy of note, and at noon stopped an hour or so at a pool of water to rest and cook some of my pork, and to "barbecue" the remainder so as to prevent it from spoiling. It was late in the evening before I started again, and about sunset, not finding another house, I concluded to encamp in a point of timber near a pool of water.

Just after I had turned into a bed of dry grass for the night, I saw a light spring up, apparently five or six hundred yards above, on the edge of the bottom, and I concluded to get up and see what caused it. The moon had not yet made her appearance and I thought I could reconnoiter the locality with safety, even if the light should prove to be from the camp fire of Mexicans or Indians. Guided by the light which continued to shine steadily, I went perhaps a quarter of a mile, when I saw that it came from the chinks of a small log cabin. I approached it silently, and when near it, I saw there were several other cabins near it, but no lights were visible in them. The chinks between the logs of the cabin in which the light was shining were all open, and I carefully crept to the side nearest me and peeped through one of them. I had heard for some time a queer kind of rasping sound proceeding from within the cabin, for which I could not account until I looked through the chink, and then I saw a Mexican soldier sitting on the floor, shelling corn into a tub, which he did by rasping the ears on the edge. He had on his shot pouch and powder horn, but his gun I noticed was leaning against the wall next to me, and as there was an opening between two of the logs it was leaning against wide enough to shove my arm through, it occurred to me that possibly I might be able to draw the gun through this opening before the Mexican was aware that anyone was in the vicinity, as his back was turned towards me. So I reached in, seized the gun cautiously, near the muzzle, and began to draw it slowly through the chink between the logs. There is no doubt I would have succeeded in my attempt to get the gun, but when the barrel was fairly outside and I felt sure I had secured the prize, to my great disappointment the breech was so large that it stuck hard and fast between the logs. In my effort to pull the gun through, I unavoidably made some noise that attracted the attention of the soldier, and he turned and uttered an exclamation of fear and astonishment when he saw his gun thus mysteriously disappearing through the chink in the cabin, and he instantly sprang forward and clutched it by the breech.

The noise aroused three or four dogs sleeping near the cabin, and they began to bay me furiously. I was sure there were more Mexican soldiers in the adjoining houses, and thinking I might find a "healthier" location than the one where I was, I made off at "double quick" for the bottom, closely pursued by the dogs. When I reached the timber, I heard a good deal of shouting and "carahooing" at the cabins, but as the night was quite dark I had no fear of being pursued, and leisurely took my way along the edge of the timber. When I had got I suppose a mile from the cabins, I went into the timber and encamped in a secure place.

My failure to get the soldier's gun was a great disappointment to me. Every house I had visited since I struck the settlements, I had searched closely for a gun, hoping that one might have been left by the occupants when they hurriedly fled before the invading army, but my search was always fruitless. People had abandoned a great deal of valuable property, but whatever arms they had they carried off. I had an abundance of ammunition, for at one of the houses I had searched I found powder and shot, which I secured, and all I lacked was a gun. I would willingly have given all the money I had in the world (amounting to seventy-five cents in specie) for the poorest pot-metal gun that was ever manufactured, and taken the chances of its bursting whenever I fired it.

(Continued Next Month.)

Our Clubbing Offers

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of Capt. J. B. Gillett's book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," regular price of the two $4.00. Our price $3.00, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "The Life of F. M. Buckelew, the Indian Captive," regular price for the two $3.00. Our price $2.25 postpaid.

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One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "Heel-Fly Time in Texas," regular price, $2.00. Our price $1.75, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and the two volumes of "The Trail Drivers of Texas," regular price $7.00. Our price $6.00, postpaid.

Exciting Chase After a Band of Indians

W. M. Green, Major Commanding Texas Ex-Rangers' Association.

As well as I remember, it was about the first of November, 1874, when a cowboy came to the headquarters camp of Company A, Frontier Battalion, on Gonzales Creek in Stephens county, and reported that Indians were at the Jim Carter ranch on Big Sandy, fifteen miles west of us, the night before, and informed us they were coming our way, with Carter and two of his cowboys on their trail. The messenger arrived at our camp about 3 p. m., and Lieutenant J. M Milligan, who was in command of Company A at that time, ordered a detachment of thirteen men to be ready as soon s possible to take the trail. In less than thirty minutes we were in the saddles, with Milligan in command.

It was a very dark day, the clouds hanging low. It had rained all the night before, and at this time a fine mist was falling, which made it difficult to see very far ahead. We had no trouble in finding the trail, as the Indians had passed within a few hundred yards of our camp. Lieutenant Milligan ordered Al Barber and myself to take the trail, detailing three others to go with us, while he, with the rest of the boys, went back on the trail to meet Carter, so as to be sure some of us were right. After going about two miles he met Carter and learned that we were on the right trail. But as we were traveling in opposite directions, we had a space of several miles between us. The trail led to the northeast, through a very brushy region, but as the ground was very soft we could follow it with ease. When we had gone about a mile we found where the Indians had been lounging; evidently waiting for nightfall, when they probably intended to make a run on our camp. They, of course, had their lookouts, who when they saw the stir in our camp reported to the main bunch, and they decided it was time to move out. About this time we lost one of our men, John Maples, who had charge of the pack mule We held the steel to our mounts, and it wasn't long until we were out of sight of Maples and the mule. The mule refused to lead faster than a walk, or drive any direction except camp. It was about fifteen miles to where the brush was not so thick, where the trail ran to a high point of mountain, and up this mountain went the Indians, probably with the intention of ascertaining our number. It was doubtful, however, if they were able to see us, as by this time the sun was getting low, and, as before stated, the clouds were hanging so low and a fine mist was falling. True to their tactics, they ascended to the top of the mountain, possibly hoping that by crossing the rocks they would so dim their trail that we would lose it. We stopped to adjust our saddle blankets, which worked from under the saddles, when we heard Lieutenant Milligan and the other nine men coming on behind us. This delay of five or ten minutes probably saved the four of us the scrap that was anticipated. The Indians turned more to the east, through a heavy mesquite flat and headed for Spy Mountain, five miles away, where they hoped to get another look at us.

I will state here that before Lieutenant Milligan overtook us, we discovered we were so close on the heels of the Indians that we could see where they crossed little pools of water that had accumulated in low places the foam or bubbles were still in evidence.

When Lieutenant Milligan arrived the trail was described in as few words as possible, and after cautioning Barber and I to keep a close lookout, he instructed us to take the trail and follow it as fast as possible for we had but little time, as it was then near sunset, and we must overtake those Indians. We had not gone far when Milligan sent Bud Boykin up to assist Barber and I on the trail, and as a precautionary step to protect the trailers, as the scout was kept from one to two hundred yards behind them. The trail led straight to Spy Mountain. On arriving at the foot of the mountain, a high round peak with a lateral extending to the head of a deep gulch, we discovered the Indians' horses on top of the mountain. Among the horses was a big pair of mules which had been stolen from the Jim Carter ranch on Battle Creek. These mules were Carter's chuck team. There was also a white horse which belonged to Dock Grounds. By this time it was getting dark, and we had no time to lose. We at once dismounted, tied our horses with heavy hitch-ropes, and began, as we thought, the perilous run for the horses at the top of the mountain, but when we arrived at the point where the horses were standing we found, to our disappointment, the Indians had fled, and it was too dark to follow them. The horses were so run down the redskins were forced to abandon them.

Our booty, besides the horses and mules. consisted of one saddle, two new leather bridles, six lariats, five of buffalo calf skin and one of buckskin, and thirteen blankets, which were divided among the boys, the lariats being given to Lieutenant Milligan. Thus ended a very exciting little run, and our boys all came off with their scalps intact.

As my mind reverts back to those days, many pleasant memories are brought to the front, though mingled with sadness. William Boykin and Al Barber have long since passed over the Great Divide; in fact, so far as I know I am the only one now living who took part in that chase.

Origin of Jim Ned and Mukewater

Brownwod Bulletin.

No doubt many people wonder as they psss the splendid brick school house situated almost on the line of Brown and Coleman counties but in Brown county, why it was that the community was called "Mukewater." Recently a Bulletin man passed that way and stopped to ask a man working in a field close at hand as to the origin of the name. The man said it was a German name and he understood that it came from an old time German pioneer. This didn't sound right and so the inquiry was continued, to be answered finally by that old timer, "Uncle" B. F. Gholson, of Coryell county, who was one of the men with Sul Ross when he captured Cynthia Ann Parker on Pease river in the Wichita mountains, the latter part of December, 1860.

Mr. Gholson says in his letter:

"You asked about the origin of 'Jim Ned.' The creek was named in memory of Jim Ned, the Kiowa chieftian, whose tribe made their winter quarters, as a rule, in the locality just above the junction of Hoards Creek and the stream now known as Jim Ned creek. This is only a short distance from old Camp Colorado, where Capt. Henry Sackett now lives. It was in 1835 that a party of surveyors ventured into that locality and were found and taken in charge by a band of Jim Ned's warriors. Jim Ned claimed that the surveyors were violating certain treaty stipulations and so he took the entire bunch to Santanta, the head chief of the Kiowas whose headquarters was just south of the mountains now known as Santa Anna Mountain. Santanta told the men they would have to stand trial. So a jury of war chiefs was summoned and the trial started. It looked like squally times had arrived for the surveyors but they put up a brave front and all put in a plea of absolute ignorance of the treaty stipulations, which was probably true on their part. The men when called on to speak demanded protection from the Mexican government. The men were not killed bue were held until the next spring, then taken to Nacogdoches and turned over to the Mexican authorities.

Another band of Indians in winter quarters not far from the headquarters of Santana, on a small stream were under command of Chief Mukewaka. This stream and locality took its name from the chief by that name.

It was said by old timers that old Jim Ned, the Kiowa chief, was a half breed, but further that that his origin seems to be enveloped in the many mysteries of pioneer days in Texas.

If you are interested in the preservation of our early history you are urged to subscribe for Frontier Times and help to sustain it.

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William E. Hawks, "Historian of the Plains," owner of the Two Bar Seventy Ranch at Bennington, Vermont, writes: "Every old timer who is lucky enough to get one of your Frontier Times should thank you as long as they live. Every story told by the old timers crosses trails with some noted event of the old West."

Henry Bruemmer, Twin Sisters, Texas, takes advantage of our offer to send old time Texan's Frontier Times for a dollar. He was born in Comal county, Texas, in 1856, and his parents moved to Blanco county in 1857. A good sketch appeared in our April issue in regard to Mr. Bruemmer's experiences.

Mrs. L. A. Scott, of McKinney, Texas, writes us as follows: I appreciate your desire to make your sturdy little magazine more attractive. I do not know the significance of the yellow cover, but beg to say I think a gray cover with the black lettering, scroll and Indian in black, would make a cover page that would be a classic. I trust Frontier Times may have sufficient support to advance in all lines you desire, for it certainly is a valuable (unblemished by selfish motives) historical publication. Your heroic efforts in undertaking such heavy duties will, I assure you, be appreciated by all pioneers of our state and their descendants."

H. Klappenbach of Eagle Pass, Texas, writes: "A copy of your magazine, Frontier Times, came to my hands through our banker, W. A. Bonnet, and I am enclosing my check for $1.50 to cover subscription. I am the oldest son of August Klappenbach, and was born in Bandera on March 26, 1857, consequently belonged to the early frontier days of Bandera. Our family moved away from Bandera in 1867, and I have never been back, but I intend to take a vacation of eight or ten days some time this summer and go back to the old home."

Paul Morgan, principal of Barwise School, Wichita Falls, Texas, writes: "Your publication is indeed interesting and furnishes entertainment for all classes. I congratulate you on the work and the magazine."

E. B. Sayles, of Abilene, Texas, writes: "You are publishing, I think, a very worthy little magazine. The subject matter is important to anyone interested in the history of the Southwest, and you are doing a great work in securing these life sketches before all of our old pioneers have followed the frontier into the beyond. I regret that I did not sooner become one of your subscribers."

In our April issue we announced that it is our intention to make some changes in the typographical appearance of Frontier Times, when we complete the present volume, in September. We had in mind a change in the size of the pages, and expect to use a better and heavier grade of paper, as well as a more attractive cover design. A number of our friends have written us, protesting against too radical a change, and we have decided to maintain the present size page, but will increase the number of pages, and use a better grade of paper, and at this time we are negotiating for the production of lithographed covers for the magazine. These improvements mean a great outlay of money, but we anticipate that by the time we are ready to make the change our list of subscribers will have increased to where we can meet the additional expense. Frontier Times is depending solely upon its subscription list for sustenance, and if every patriotic Texan, who wants to see this little magazine made a permanent publication, will send in his or her subscription renewal promptly and will urge others to subscribe, it will help us wonderfully to make Frontier Times all it should be.

Frontier Times hopes to see the day come when every man and woman who lived on the frontiers of Texas prior to 1875, is allowed a pension from the government.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

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In the early days our fathers and mothers, who were fortunate enough to get to go to school used the Old Blue Back Speller. Today the Old Blue Back Speller is out-of-date, and you seldom see one of them, unless it be among the relics and keepsakes of families who know its value. With all of our advancement and higher education, a greater text book than the Old Blue Back Speller has never been found, yet it has fallen into disuse long ago. How would you like to have one of these books to place in your library to keep so that your children and your children's children may see how your parents or your grandparents were taught to spell. We have been fortunate in securing about a hundred of these original old BlueBack Spellers from a publishing house which happened to have them on hand, so we purchased the lot. and we are going to pass them on to readers of Frontier Times, at the very low price of 42 cents each, postpaid.

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